# *World Review*

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS
*Edited by Edward Hulton*

## Contents

CHRISTMAS IN TWO WARS: *Poem by* Sir John Squire, *p.* 2
THINKING ALOUD . . . *by* Edward Hulton, *p.* 3
THE TOP HAT *by* Sir Max Beerbohm, *p.* 11
THE THIRD TIMER *by* Alistair Cooke, *p.* 15
THE MONROE DOCTRINE, *p.* 19
MAN OF THE MONTH: BILL BULLITT *by* Noel Barber, *p.* 20
THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, *p.* 23
FROM CLAUSEWITZ TO HITLER *by* Capt. Liddell Hart, *p.* 24
WORLD REVUE: A FROLIC IN COLOUR, *book and lyrics by* Diana Morgan, *décor by* Walter Trier, *p.* 33
THE IDEAL WOMAN *by* James Laver, *p.* 45
JAPAN DROPS THE MASK *by* H. J. Timperley, *p.* 50
THINGS OF EVERYDAY: THE CANDLE *by* George Edinger, *p.* 54
PITY THE POOR MEASLE *by* Professor J. B. S. Haldane, *p.* 57
I WAS INTERNED *by* S. J. Charoux, *p.* 60
OUR OLDEST ALLY *by* John Gaunt, *p.* 64
ARE WE ESCAPISTS? *by* Tom Harrisson, *p.* 67
THE TRUTH ABOUT ENSA *by* Basil Dean, *p.* 71
IRAN, IRAQ—AND THE AXIS *by* J. Wentworth Day, *p.* 75
COMIC STRIPS *by* Frank Dowling, *p.* 78
A BOOK OF TO-DAY: THE PERFECT LIFE *by* Dermot Morrah, *p.* 82
A BOOK OF YESTERDAY: THE DIARY OF A NOBODY *by* Alan Jenkins, *p.* 87
THE BOOKSHELF, *p.* 91
CHRISTMAS FIFTY YEARS AGO, *p.* 94
CROSS-SECTION, *p.* 96

December 1940

PUBLISHED BY REVIEW OF REVIEWS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE LONDON EC4. CEN. 7040
*Subscription rates: Inland, 15s. p.a.; Foreign, 14s. 6d. p.a.; Canada and Newfoundland, 13s. 6d. p.a.*

# CHRISTMAS IN TWO WARS

CHRISTMAS EVE, and still, the stars gave light.
From the German line voices came through the night
In old gentle songs from fir-forests far away
Of ox and ass and the cradle where the child lay,
And lullaby, and candle-fire on the Christmas tree,
And the guns' grim carol died down from dark Jura to the sea.

Above those doomed shepherds high in heaven rang
An echo of the Gloria which the winged hosts sang,
And a silver star joined the galaxy at its appointed hour,
Shining in men's hearts with an assuaging power,
For not yet were they inured to mechanic war;
And fresh in their minds was the truth they had known before,
As the earth turned to midnight, soldiers could still say,
With a thought of old things: 'In the morning it will be Christmas Day.'

Morning came mildly gilding the gaunt plain,
And memory misted their hearts like soft spring rain,
Making flowers grow; and voices here and there
Shouted 'Tommy!' and 'Fritz!' through the quiet Christmas air
And the venturous stepped to the open knowing that none
Would with treachery murder trust under that day's sun,
And crowds clambered after into the shattered lands,
Enemies with laughing lips and unweaponed hands,
Who gave gifts of whatever they had, exchanged names
For looking up after the war's end, played games,
Played football, some for the last time in their lives,
And proudly from their pockets took pictures of babes and wives.

Peace is no mate for War; in War brotherhood is guilt,
And murder duty. On that nothing could be built.
A greater Night fell, after that night fell;
Christ's Day was past, and resumed the years of Hell,
No more in the heavens that song, nor that star burned,
Hans and his comrades were now to their trenches returned,
Piers Plowman and his mates were underground again,
Not for peace now or goodwill, only for courage, weariness and pain,
And, on Christmasses after that, when war had become use,
From seasoned hearts there sprang no second Christmas truce.

JOHN SQUIRE

# Thinking Aloud . . .

## by EDWARD HULTON

It has long been our custom on the 25th of this month to celebrate the birth of Christ. There creep amongst us the usual shallow individuals who aver that in the present circumstances the festival can hardly be celebrated. Surely this year we have more right to celebrate it than for many years past. At long last we are standing up and fighting for what we believe to be right. Our sojourn amongst the fleshpots of appeasement is at an end. *World Review* salutes the season with a special Christmas number.

It is difficult to imagine how the Nazis will have the face to keep the feast. Yet we can be sure that they will do so. Hitler is all things to all men, especially in wartime, and he is now adopting a very conciliatory tone towards his Catholic subjects.

### At the Vatican

Painful it is to chronicle the attitude of the Pope. He is said indeed to be at heart pro-Ally. But the majority of the Cardinals are pro-Nazi. They know little of Anglo-Saxonia, of 'heretic' England and 'Puritan' America. Their thoughts still dwell almost exclusively in the Old World. Of deep concern to them is Russia and the Balkans. The problem of the Eastern Churches seems remote enough to us. For them, however, it is the real thing. These clerics hope that under the Axis the Eastern Churches may be replaced in Russia and the Balkans by the Church of Rome.

Meanwhile, the Pope has blessed Italian officers. Though he may know where righteousness lies, yet he seems to feel that he must strike a bargain with the side which he imagines is going to win. Much indeed of the history of the Catholic Church has been that of appeasing the stronger, gradually softening him and making him in the end a better man. So the Church finally turned the Germanic barbarian into the mediæval knight of the Age of Chivalry. No doubt some pious clerics in Rome dream of taming the Nazis in the same fashion. They look forward to the day when the pious Heinkel pilot will bind round his flying helmet the kerchief of his 'fayre ladye' and refrain from dropping bombs on Sundays.

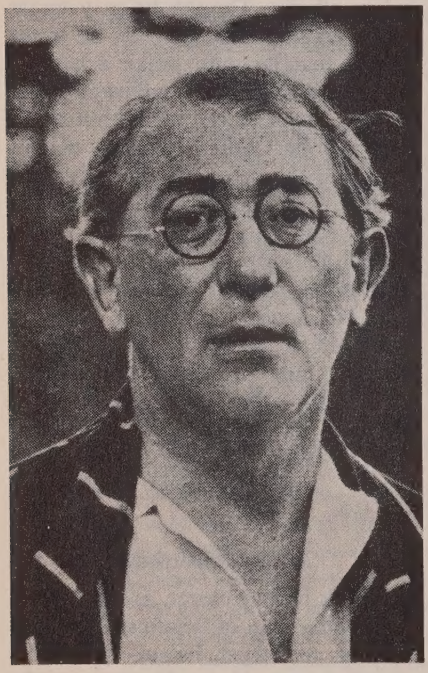
### A Lost Opportunity

All this is very clever, and the Pope is himself a man of extreme cleverness, of the mediæval Italian diplomatic type. It is magnificent, but it is not the way of Christ. Had the Holy Father, habited as a simple friar, proceeded into the streets of the Eternal City, bearing aloft the Cross, had he there and then forbidden the entry of Italy into the war, what Carabiniere Reale would have dared to shoot him down? He could have stopped the war, or swiftly earned a martyr's crown.

Cardinal Hinsley over here has behaved splendidly. It is a hard time for the Catholics of Britain, one of our noblest communities.

### Blasted!

WITH a sigh of relief we print our Christmas poem by Sir John Squire. He had written another one for us, but it was destroyed in a bombardment. It was naturally very painful for Sir John to keep us waiting until this poem could be produced.



SIR JOHN SQUIRE

### Diagnosis

DURING the past month the feeling has steadily grown in the country that we must ponder earnestly the New Age. Letters pour in to editors. Meetings are held. People are beginning to diagnose our present discontents, and in the following fashion:

Society needs to be co-ordinated. In the past there have been some fairly successful attempts at this co-ordination, such as the Christendom of the Middle Ages, which possessed the over-riding authority of the Church, a hierarchy with promotion by merit. With the Age of the Navigators society gradually became disorganised, reaching a crescendo of chaos in the heyday of nineteenth-century *laisser faire*. This disorganisation was, however, made tolerable by an expanding world. The discontented could go West to wide colonial fields, or tap new markets at home. To-day confusion is worse confounded, and the Colonies are full. The position is thus intolerable.

A new co-ordination has got to be set up or we shall perish. Russian Communism and German National Socialism are but bastard attempts at, or miscarriages of, this essential New Order. All stuff about the permanent menance of Teutonism constitutes the mere vapourings of pathetic old men. The German people are no more—and no less—to blame for this chaos than we are. Hitler and his fellow gangsters, of course, have used the agony of the German unemployed for their own ends, making use also of nationalism and other old wives' tales and odds and ends to subserve their personal power-seeking purpose. It is for us painfully to build the New Order, reconciling planning with freedom. We shall not achieve it unless we employ not only the intellectual, but also the spiritual approach.

### Evolution and Planning

GERALD HEARD and Aldous Huxley have both recently touched upon this theme; Huxley in his *After Many a Summer*, in somewhat unattractive and cumbersome language; Heard in his *Pain, Sex and Time*, suggesting that Man must in the course of his evolution produce not a new arm or leg or fin,

but a new part of the brain which will make him more sensitive to Truth.

Meanwhile, such energetic spirits as Priestley, King-Hall, and Michael Foot, are realising that it is high time to get going. They do not come to destroy. Everything is already being destroyed—is breaking up before our eyes. They realise that we have got to be quick to make plans to build up.

**Total War**

AT this juncture nothing will suffice short of Total War. Total war is the employment of *all means*, including Propaganda, to strengthen our own position and sabotage that of the enemy. Still the Treasury is niggardly with our Propaganda. Perhaps it is saving up for a rainy day!

The Press is still not affording adequate space to Parliamentary Debates. Even the *Times* and *Telegraph* hopelessly condense the speeches of 'ordinary' members and print them in the smallest possible type.

Mr. Churchill is still leading us with inspiring speeches, and speeches which are not only courageous but realistic. He has the right to expect that he will be loyally backed up by all his supporters. This, however, has not yet come to pass. In many departments there is still not only stagnation but conditions approaching chaos.

The Post Office is footling along. Some of its employees are running for cover like rabbits. Evacuees and soldiers are left uncomforted by correspondence. Business is held up. We at this office asked if we ourselves might call for our letters. We were informed that we could not do so unless our premises had been entirely destroyed by bombs.

**Punishment Demanded**

THE public were promised an inquiry about Dakar. They await the result of the trial with impatience. And they demand punishment for those to blame. Punishment is, alas, the best deterrent.

**'A Real Guy'**

IT was a great pleasure to see Lord Lothian again the other day. He is very welcome to Americans, partly, perhaps,

MICHAEL FOOT

because his appearance seems somehow to unite the dignity of a British peer with the characteristics of an American business man. His demeanour, which suggests the scholarly bachelor, certainly proclaims the great statesman. He told us something of his work across the Atlantic. Certainly he has done us a great service over there, visibly demonstrating to the New World that we are not just a crowd of effete traditionalists, and putting the case, not so much for aid to Britain, as for British-American co-operation now—and for all time.



5

### Free Italy!

THE folly of our treatment of our anti-Nazi colleagues from Germany and Austria could, with difficulty, be surpassed. We have, however, achieved this triumph by our attitude to the anti-Fascist Italians. It was no surprise at all to learn from Sir John Anderson that he was unaware of the existence of any anti-Fascist Italians. Yet every schoolboy knows that, though, perhaps, the

MRS. GAUNTLETT

liberal middle-class never carried enormous weight in Italy, that country is renowned as a seat of burning liberal faith. Gladstone's frank reports on the Neapolitan prisons, our welcome here for exiles from a hated régime, are part of the very fabric of the Victorian Age. The scholarly frock-coated Republican, Mazzini, long dwelt amongst us. When the irresistible Garibaldi appeared in our streets, every young lady rushed to purchase a blouse in fond imitation of his red Mediterranean sailor's shirt. Till very recently, one of our chief cafés was honoured by the name of Cavour, the Piedmontese nobleman-journalist who, perhaps, really did more than anyone to effect the Risorgimento.

There has always been less love for Mussolini in Italy than love for Hitler in Germany—and more outspoken criticism. I have myself heard Italian police officers roundly curse the Duce. The Englishman of culture loves Italy. The user of the word 'wop' is, at best, an ignoramus. A Garibaldi has fought in every modern war for freedom, for France in 1870, and for Greece against her oppressors. When I was in Paris during this war the Garibaldi redshirts were prominent in the streets. Let us land with the legionnaires of General Garibaldi in southern Italy, emulating the triumph of the great Giuseppe, and proclaiming the liberation of the peninsula from the murderer of Matteotti and his Nazi masters.

### Help from American Citizens

SOMEWHERE in England was the scene of a useful ceremony on November 9. Mr. Wickham Steed, as Chairman of the British Citizens' Defence Committee, took delivery of a consignment of small arms from America. They had been despatched by the American Committee for the Defence of British Homes.

A nation-wide newspaper campaign has been conducted in the States. Americans have most generously lent 'hunting' rifles, revolvers, etc., together with ammunition, for the use of our Home Guard. Only one revolver had a safety catch loose. More shiploads are expected.

Mrs. Helen Parkins Gauntlett has worked indefatigably as Executive Secretary of the American Committee on this side, being once bombed out of her office in the process.

### The New Osterley

SOME confusion has arisen in the press concerning the recent history of Osterley Park. This School for teaching modern guerrilla methods to the Home Guard has not been 'brought to London', for Osterley is itself a London underground station. Still less has it been transferred to Hurlingham. It has been removed to more commodious surroundings in Surrey. The War Office has taken it over, retaining the services of Tom Wintringham and his fellow guerrilleros, and supplying it with most excellent equipment for its position as the Central School for the Home Guard. Candidates will, in future, have to be nominated by their local units.

It is good news that commanders of Home Guards are to receive proper commissioned rank. For whilst the training and tactics of Home Guards should be of the American Scout rather than the Barrack Square type, discipline is still necessary, and the original titles tended to encroach on the comic.

### Inverted Snobbery

IN her ardour for women's rights, the energetic and attractive Dr. Edith Summerskill is ill-advised to press for the inclusion of women in the Home Guards. What is still required is a form of Home Guard A.T.S. corresponding to those attached to the Regular Army. What, incidentally, are all these foolish press photographs of girls' schools undergoing musketry? Is it not realised that we are short of arms?

Our A.T.S. have still not been placed under military discipline. Again, there has been so much silliness about 'titled ladies' that if an 'Honourable' does chance to do a plucky deed no one dare give her a medal. These sometimes well-meant attempts to stir up class war must stop. They have nothing in common with the New Age or the foundation of a co-ordinated society, and are merely playing Hitler's game. Actually, the work of many 'society' people in the Women's Voluntary Services has been of a high order, standing in bold relief to the conduct of certain local authorities boasting of being Left Wing, who have packed up and left their people to lump it.

### A Dynamic Sort of a Duck

MORE should be known about General McNaughton, commanding the Canadian Forces over here, and the greatest living Canadian. He is a fine soldier of progressive type and adds to this much of the ability of a statesman. He was probably the first to use dive-bombing as an artillery weapon. Several radio inventions stand to his credit. The new weapon that wins the war may be due to him. After Victory Canada wants him back quick—can't do without him. He is semi-officially described as 'a very dynamic sort of a duck'. He has instituted a comprehensive scheme of education for his troops here. Men will be able to qualify for diplomas which will be of service to them in their life after victory.

### A Modern Soldier

ANOTHER soldier who may make a statesman after the war is Charles Haydon, who brilliantly commanded the Second Battalion of the Irish Guards in Holland and at Boulogne, and who has since been made a Brigadier. He was given the new appointment of Military Assistant when Hore-Belisha was at the War Office. Of very striking appearance, he unites an unusual gift for gaining the affection of his men with

GENERAL MCNAUGHTON: 'A DYNAMIC SORT OF A DUCK'

real knowledge of the military art. Like De Gaulle and Liddell Hart, who writes for this Christmas Number, he has long nursed the quaint belief that the future of war lies with the plane and the tank.

### Vigilance

THERE were several useful ideas contained in the first bulletin of the Vigilance For Victory Group, a body which is seeking expert advice on specific problems. Priorities for the evacuation of London are recommended in the following order:

1. The aged and infirm.
2. Expectant mothers.
3. Children of school age unaccompanied by parents.
4. Mothers with children under five years of age.
5. Mothers with children of school age.

Whilst it is a moot point whether wife should be separated from husband, certainly such groups as the aged and infirm and children should be compulsorily evacuated. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has not shown sufficient firmness here.

Another point which has not been much noted is that great numbers cannot evacuate because they cannot get out of their rent. Landlords of urban property have been placed in a different position from those owning property on the coast, or agricultural land. The behaviour of some of the local people in certain reception areas, such as Newquay and Torquay, is still disgraceful. A single minister is still needed to co-ordinate the whole scheme, fitting in

billeting arrangements with the Service Departments and other ministries. The Group has since studied the delays in production and the failure of the Red Cross to get parcels to prisoners of war.

### Happy Harry

By the by, what has happened to Happy Harry and his wife, who described herself to the press as the 'Mother of London'?

### Dr. Kurt Hahn

I was pained by Mr. Peter Howard's attack on Dr. Kurt Hahn in *The Sunday Express*. We need a Youth Movement here. There is room for private attempts, but a government training scheme is essential. The problem is the lines on which it should be run. In my opinion, it should be flagrantly unlike the Nazi system.

Hitler glories in mass formations. Let us shun them at all costs for the simple reason that they are obsolete, being based upon Prussian drill as evolved by Frederick the Great. This was proved to be useless by Napoleon's skirmishers so long ago as Jena 1806. The succeeding reforms of Stein, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau imitated Napoleon's open order. Our model should be the American Scout, the Canadian North-West Ranger. In fact, Rangers would be a good title.

Now a man who has developed just such a method of individual hardness and resourcefulness, coupled with co-operation, is this Kurt Hahn. His school in Scotland was highly original. The boys learned real scouting and the sailing of boats in rough seas. In fact, the authorities made them the official watchers of their part of the coast. What is more, this public school was the first to become democratic. Its inmates were the offspring of all social classes. Neither did they remain like other public schoolboys a wealthy enclave in proletarian surroundings. They played their games against the ordinary local teams.

From Hahn there is a lot to be learnt. But this gentleman has a fatal sin in the eyes of Mr. Howard; he is a German. For narrow nationalism the article would delight Sir John Anderson himself.

### The Fighting Hellenes

The heroic resistance of the Greeks came as a surprise to some Britishers. Their backing our side was certainly a welcome compliment. It is pleasant, also, to realise that this time a diplomatic blunder has been made by the Axis. And the Italian Intelligence Service seems to have failed pitiably. The fighting qualities of the Hellenes are not known sufficiently here. There are, in fact, at least three kinds of Greeks. We principally know those skilled in commerce. To these must be added the clever navigators of ancient but gallant steamers. A third group are the men of the mountains, full of old-fashioned honour and courtesy and tough as any other Balkan peasants.

The foolish sometimes laugh when they see pictures of the Royal Evzonic Guards, with phessi on their heads, red turned-up 'Turkish' slippers, surmounted by 'pom poms' and called tsarouchias on their feet, wearing white stockings and short white 'ballet skirts'. As I have seen for myself they are no more ridiculous in costume or deeds than our own gallant Highland lads. And to join the Evzones a youth has to come from the barren mountains where men are men. Up in the hills I have also seen many civilians proudly flaunting the foustanella, as this little white kilt is called. In these parts the

roads were almost notional, and the way of the motorist was hard. But at the end of the ride the villagers would come out bearing gifts of grapes. The English were genuinely popular, and Milord Byron, who had fought and died in their War of Independence, was not forgotten.

It confirms one's belief in humanity to know that this little people has not proved unworthy of its famous ancestors. The world knows how in B.C. 480 a little band of free men in the pass of Thermopylæ saved Europe from the idiot hosts of the barbarians.

> 'Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passeth by,
> That here obedient to their laws we lie.'

**The Third Timer**

THE election for a third term of Roosevelt is a mighty victory for Democracy. The American people have shown that they can put aside irrelevant issues and realise the urgency of the fight for civilisation. People are eternally harping on the personalities of the Nazi leaders. We might recall that American democracy has produced Roosevelt and British democracy has produced Churchill.

**Ireland's Blackest Hour**

ANOTHER unhappy example of Chamberlain's appeasement is found in the position of the Irish ports. It may cost us the war. That is, if we do not put an end to appeasement of all sorts, and all legalistic quibbling. In the name of the millions who are suffering, these ports must return to the service of civilisation. This is Ireland's blackest hour. Her whole case is gravely prejudiced at the bar of history. She has shown herself unable to choose between right and wrong.

**Silk Stockings**

SINCE the first of the month silk stockings may no longer be exposed for sale. The request of the deputation of hosiery and silk interests to the President of the Board of Trade to release stocks which have accumulated under the limitation of supplies order was most inopportune. For we need these stockings to export to overseas markets to get dollars for Spitfires.

In America, incidentally, a new stocking fabric, known as Nylon, is being sold which claims to unite 'sheerness' (whatever that means) with liberty. For the knee can be bent quickly without fear of ladders. Also, it is instructive to learn how American fashions have followed our own. For some time after the outbreak women were still frantically pinching their waists in *Gone with the Wind* style, or constricting their legs in narrow skirts after the mode of the 'Eighties. Of late, however, they have embraced the practical, even reducing the altitude of their perilous heels. 'More miles per gal' is the jaunty slogan.

**Realism**

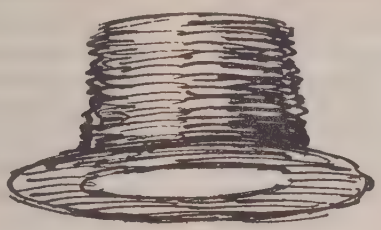
MEANWHILE, I wish the American, and indeed the British, press would print just one big picture of the average London street as it really is—almost entirely intact.

**The New Comradeship**

MR. CHURCHILL has told us that it will need our blood, and sweat, and tears, to win the war. It will need these also to build up the plan for peace. Our dangers, however, have removed the isolation of the individual. He who walks in London is no longer lonely in a great city. He has nine million friends. If we can keep this new comradeship we can do anything.

# The Top Hat

## by MAX BEERBOHM



CHARLES JAMES FOX'S

"WHAT is that?" the very young will ask; and their parents, ever quick to correct, will say to them, "You mean, What *was* it?" For it is, of course, very definitely, a thing of the past; almost a museum piece. Indeed, some parents, those who are less than middle-aged, may not even have heard of it. I am more than middle-aged, and very fond of the past, finding in it a charm which the present, the immensely agitated present, lacks for me. I readily admit that this charm is slight in comparison with that which the future would have for me if I were youngish. The future, the post-bellum period, will be perfectly splendid: new men, new ideas, new policies, new cosmic outlooks, new hills and valleys, new Old Masters, new fathers and mothers, new wines, new Old Moore's Almanacs, new everything. But I, alas, shan't live to see much, or perhaps anything, of all that. And I fondly strain my time-dimmed eyes towards that backward horizon whereon stands the top hat, a black but shining old monument.

Just *how* old, I can't say. I do but know that it had been erected already in the later days of Charles James Fox. He wears a top hat in that fine portrait of him sitting in his garden, immensely corpulent, but still full of energy and animation, of benignity and genius. He wears it pushed cheerfully back from his brow, and it looks rather odd in relation to his knee-breeches: a queer blend of the new and the old century. It is a beaver hat, of course. The silken kind was a Victorian discovery. But I think that had I been in that garden when that portrait was in the making I should have been shocked that the sitter was not wearing a gold-laced tricorn: for even in those days I should not have been a great approver of current things. Fox himself, no doubt, was very proud of the new headgear. Perhaps he himself invented it? Had he not, a few years before, said in writing to a friend about the fall of the Bastille, "How much the greatest thing it is in history! and how much the best!"? Strange that a hat that was to symbolise all that was most static and most reputable may have been designed by a man so dangerous!

I imagine that the Whigs, who in all things followed the beloved Charles like sheep, were soon enthusiastic wearers of the top-hat, while the Tories looked on it with frigid horror and would none of it. But very soon, long before the dreadful Reform Bill, they themselves were wearing it, sullenly perhaps, but without protest. It had imposed itself upon them, with a mysterious, inexorable power that was somehow latent in it. It had ceased to be a sign of the times. It had become a natural phenomenon. It seemed to be

THE SOMBRE 'SIXTIES

even a part of the human body. Not merely did one hunt in it, as one still does: one fished, one skated, one played cricket in it. One wore it throughout debates in the Houses of Parliament, taking it off (with a wrench) only when one rose to orate, and resuming it (with a sigh of relief) as soon as ever one had said one's say. At routs and receptions, however great the crush, one carried it in one's hand all the time—and one must have been glad when, some time in the 'sixties, somebody invented the crush-hat, the gibus, which could be held under the arm, inobtrusively saving the situation. One kept it on one's head, even while eating luncheon, in one's club. I don't think there are any clubs now where this custom survives. But it did survive in quite recent years at the "In and Out," magically wafting any guest into a past age. Until quite lately, in theatres or opera houses, when you went out to smoke in the foyer, you always took your hat with you lest some evil thing should befall you. And when you paid an "afternoon call" (a habit not then extinct) you would rather have died than not appear before your hostess hat in hand—and gloves there too. These things you presently placed upon the floor beside your chair, where she could still see them, symbols of good breeding and re-assuring proclamations of the fact that you were only a visitor and hadn't come to abide with her forever.

On Sundays the top hat acquired an even sacred significance. When a family entered the family pew, the father, instead of kneeling down with his wife and children for some moments, merely sat forward and said his silent prayer into his hat. This always puzzled me. I did not grasp the underlying theory that a prayer offered through that medium was likely to be the more acceptable.

On Sundays at Oxford—I was going to use again the adverb "recently," but though the time when I was a freshman seems to me only yesterday, it is now just half a century ago—there were still some undergraduates who honoured the day with top hats and frock-coats. And no undergraduate who, in defiance of proctorial regulations, dared to pay a flying visit to London, would have dared to do so without those urban insignia, though they invited detection on the way to the railway station. One bespoke a cab on the eve of the adven-

ture, and on the morning of it one instructed the cabman to drive to the station very quickly; and on the platform, if one espied a donnish-looking man, one tried to look very old and irreproachable. A motor-car would have been a great convenience. But motor-cars were not yet. And the top hats which in later days they, as it were, bashed in, and the accompanying frock-coats which, so to speak, they ran over, were still vitally necessary to any young gentleman with any self-respect and respect for London.

Or, for that matter, to any decently modest young gentleman who didn't want to be stared at. In London even the crossing-sweepers mostly wore top hats. The "old-clo'-men," those hoarsely vocal perambulants, went even further: they wore three, one rammed down on another, in token, I suppose, of big business. The policemen had indeed long ago taken to helmets—not, I am sure, of their own accord, but because some Home Secretary had thought they would look more frightening. There was only one other civilian body of men that did not follow the all-prevailing fashion: nearly all the actors wore billicocks. The comedians tended to wear brown ones, the tragedians black ones; and those tragedians who were Bohemian in their way of life were apt to prefer sombreros. The actor-manager attended rehearsals in a top hat; and a top hat could be worn also by any actor who had played leading parts in other theatres, and very careful was such an one to wear it, to the envy of less illustrious members of the cast. I always wished those others would combine to break loose and fly in the face of immemorial etiquette, boldly encylindered. But they never fulfilled my hope. Nowadays, I suppose, not even the most eminent and responsible of actors rehearses in anything but what (heaven knows why) is called a trilby. Alas, the Spirit of the Age is one that levels down, not up.

Bank-messengers, Westminster boys, the porter at either end of such places as the Albany or Palace Gardens Terrace, are faithful among the few. And there is of course the occasional, the spasmodic fidelity of men going to weddings or funerals, or (in peace time) to Ascot or the Eton and Harrow match. My heart is gladdened at sight of these? At the risk of seeming querulous, I protest that it isn't. The males of the Latin races are far less self-conscious than we, far more adaptable in the matter of costume. Carnival time in any French or Italian city is a very good time indeed. The revellers do revel in their fantastic attire, are urged up by it to the height of high spirits. But among my memories none is drearier than that of the Fancy Dress Balls which used to be given in Covent Garden Opera House. The women seemed happy enough, but the men—how woebegone! how deeply ashamed of themselves! The street acrobats of my childhood, in their spangles and pink tights, acquitted themselves quite gaily throughout their professional somersaults and other feats. But when they finished, when they fared along the pavements to their next pitch, what shuffling figures of embarrassment they did cut, to be sure! Not less awfully abashed by their own appearance are the gentlemen going their way to and from weddings or any other of those functions which involve what has become, quite obviously, fancy dress.

Perhaps after the present war the top hat will never reappear at any function whatsoever, even on the head of the

eldest man. Perhaps it will be used as a flower-pot in the home, filled with earth and nourishing the bulb of a hyacinth or other domestic flower. I hope, in the goodness of my heart, the housemaid will not handle it untenderly, and will brush it the right way. For it is very sensitive. Its sensibility was ever one of its great charms. It alone among hats had a sort of soul. If one treated it well, one wasn't sure that it didn't love one. It wasn't as expressive as one's dog, yet it had an air of quiet devotion and humble comradeship. It had also, like one's cat, a great dignity of its own. And it was a creature of many moods. On dull cloudy days itself was dull, but

THE NITESCENT 'NINETIES

when the sun was brightly shining, it became radiant. If it was out in a downpour of rain, without an umbrella, it suffered greatly: it was afflicted with a sort of black and blue rash, most distressing to behold, and had to be nursed back to health with tender and unremitting care. Nature herself was the best nurse, however, during the early stages of the malady. The patient was best left to grow quite dry by action of the air, before being ever so gently brushed with the softest of brushes. Gradually it became convalescent, and seemed to smile up at you while it was rubbed slowly with a piece of silk. And anon it was well enough to be ironed. When I was very young I used to have my hat ironed periodically at my hatter's, like other young men. Rather a fascinating process to watch!—the expert swiftness and sureness of it, the immense change wrought with a violent celerity that seemed dangerous and yet did no harm. But in later times I would not entrust my dumb friend to hireling hands howsoever trustworthy, and he almost spoke his gratitude to me when I purchased an iron of the kind required—or rather two irons, a wide one for shaft and crown, a narrow one for brim—and tentatively ironed him myself. At first my 'prentice hand was slow and faulty, and I never did quite master the art of swirling the curves of the iron with perfect symmetry around the crown. I must confess also that more than once, in the early days, I miscalculated the temperature of the iron and did grievous hurt to my friend—hurt so grievous that though he mutely assured me that it was no matter, and implored me not to abandon him, I had to secure a successor instantly.

But, as I look back across the gulf that lies between me and those Victorian and Edvardian years, I feel that I may justly claim to have deserved the affection that my hats had for me. And I hope that my young readers will not scoff—though I fear they will—at the fulness with which that feeling was reciprocated by me.

# The Third Timer

## By ALISTAIR COOKE

*This article by the well-known broadcaster on American affairs was cabled to 'World Review' from New York immediately after President Roosevelt's election for a third term.*

In the midsummer of 1932 a ragged crew of American army veterans marched on Washington and pitched their tents in the shadow of the Capitol. They were begging for the overdue compensation that neither the State nor the Federal Government would give them. President Hoover ordered Federal troops to rout them, their tents were burned and some of them were wounded.

The fame of the 'Bonus Army' is out of all proportion to the humiliation of that incident. This shabby band of Americans became a symbol of the American people in an hour of their history when they had lost faith in their political system and confidence in their own enterprise. The millions of unemployed were mounting to twelve. The mighty banking structure of the United States was pretty near collapse.



The Cartoon in the heading is reproduced from the *Saturday Evening Post*.

And it was at this moment that Franklin Roosevelt came to power.

It is impossible to realise Roosevelt's impact on the American political system or the scope of hatreds that he engendered, unless we go back and look briefly at the nature of the prosperity he came to make for ever an anachronism in American life.

**The Boom**

The great prosperity of the 'twenties was the pay-off of an industrial revolution caused by the sudden rise of the movie industry, by the American crusade to save labour in every woman's kitchen, most of all by the success of Henry Ford in mass-producing a cheap automobile and consequently causing public utilities to expand as they had never done before, in the effort to harness all the profitable subsidiaries of the 'horseless carriage'—rubber, service stations, gasoline, highways. This was an American revolution and it was honestly initiated by American enterprise, ingenuity, and a fast developing mastery in technics. These were the roots of the following prosperity and they were watered by confident investment. But soon the investment market ceased to be a monopoly of professionals. It became a gigantic national lottery. People who had never seen a stock quotation paid in a few dollars and watched them turn overnight into magic hundreds.

The grocer and the miner went along with the lawyer. Drug store clerks and stenographers, truck-drivers and insurance agents played a game once sacred to the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers, the Lamonts and the Cookes. Long after plant expansion had reached its limit, the public paid out millions of dollars to speculators. They borrowed from banks on mortgages. The banks loaned and loaned. Holding companies bought up banks. Bankers used the banks' public funds for their own entertaining speculations. Soon the whole fantastic structure crumpled. The farmers had no markets left in the city, looked blankly at mortgages they could not meet and debts that would never be paid.

The day that Franklin Roosevelt rode to his inauguration in Washington as the thirty-second President of the United States, the world's principal creditor nation was almost bankrupt. He did what any other President would have had to do: he closed the banks. He then had a breathing spell to decide which banks were reliable enough to back with Federal funds.

This first act of the Roosevelt administration called, oddly enough, for a long reach into the Federal treasury such as Roosevelt had roundly denounced in the previous régime. He was faced with a convulsion of the American economic system which compelled him to repudiate almost every plank of the platform on which he was elected.

**Slump**

When the New Deal went into practice in the summer of 1933, it was the nearest thing the United States has ever known to national socialism, moreover, one administered by the captains of industry and finance. The National Industrial Recovery Act was to be a government of trade associations writing their own code of self-government and merely supervised from Washington. The anti-trust laws were suspended, labour was to have no voice in protesting the codes, the voters were to be the willing servants of an emergency government. The N.R.A. was perhaps doomed to defeat because

it was administered by the most incongruous army of business men, leftists, bankers, professors, rightists, lawyers, alarmed democrats, and professional malcontents. In May, 1935, it was unanimously declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, in a decision stressing that Congress had abdicated its duty to make laws.

**The Labour Battle**

Unfortunately, the idea of making Business police itself was a good one, however egregiously it had been carried out. And although the Court decision unburdened the ship of state of a real dictatorial blueprint, it also threw overboard the ballast of imaginative labour legislation, including the first comprehensive American attempt to set a standard of wages and hours regulation. The N.R.A. is now a blurred memory, but it started the great battle of American labour during this decade. That battle is now at the bitter stage it was in England around 1910. It is more violent and threatening for three reasons. Very many American workmen enjoyed in the boom years a standard of living no British workman has ever known. Secondly, union organisation over an entire continent has been frustrated by much hair-raising gangsterism, by the ruthless employment of private armies and strong-arm squads. Thirdly, friction between employers and labour has been stimulated by the high-handed and often preferential adjudication of labour disputes of an Administration Bureau—the National Labor Relations Board.

The President has emerged from this long battle as labour's friend and as, at the same time, the main source of provocation to both sides. It may be that after his Supreme Court defeat, after its outlawing also of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, which stipulated what crops farmers should grow over the whole country, President Roosevelt privately gave up hope that democratic capitalism could put its house in order. He seemed to say that the only way a democratic society could peaceably develop was to encourage confidence in a strong central government by direct Federal appropriations (through a plethora of government agencies backing banking, farming, unemployment, public works, water power, artistic projects, social security) and by the indirect, but equally munificent, patronage of the Democratic party machines in cities and States.

**Public Works**

The two most criticised of all his Federal projects have been the Public Works Administration and the Works Progress Administration. The first gave money to towns and states for necessary schools, hospitals, docks and for many unnecessary highways, post-offices, tunnels, and general 'improvements'. The second has made work for the workless on government projects that have ranged from dams and a fine series of American state and city guide-books, to the building of roads that lead to nothing but a vote in November.

The result of trying to fuse two kinds of benevolence, one far-sighted, the other suspect and political, has been to ally the Roosevelt Administration since 1936 with some of the most notorious political bosses in the country and to obscure for the average decent American the long overdue reforms that stand to the credit of President Roosevelt and his two administrations.

Of these achievements, which have

buttressed political democracy in the United States as those of no President since Lincoln, it is essential to name the following: the establishing of the great Securities and Exchange Commission, which offers the investor the protection he so tragically needed in the years of plenty; the Holding Company Act, which has drastically limited the pyramiding of corporations in the Insull fashion; conservation and flood control projects like those of the Tennessee Valley, the Imperial Valley of California, the Grand Coulee Dam; the Rural Electrification Administration, which has offered cheap power to hundreds of thousands of farmers; a long overdue Federal Housing programme for the low-income groups; the Wagner Act, which has established for good and all the principle of collective bargaining as a right of American labour; the Social Security Act, putting the United States belatedly in line with Great Britain and pre-Hitler Germany in providing old-age and unemployment security; the Farm Security Administration which determinedly revamped the unconstitutional Agricultural Adjustment Administration and paid farmers for conservation, kept them going with subsidies and credit; and the National Resources Committee, which has undertaken to make a continuing study of the economic problems of the United States.

**Benevolent State Socialism**

Old-time liberals, conservatives, and traditional American democrats have yowled at the inherent repudiation of democratic doctrine in the methods of the Roosevelt administrations. Roosevelt has preferred to let the doctrine go hang and save the domestic economy and resources of the United States by instituting a benevolent state socialism safeguarded by the three classic pledges of free speech, press, and religion and fortified by a vigorous social democracy which is a legacy from the first framers of the Constitution.

Roosevelt has reasserted American prestige abroad by becoming the most eloquent and rousing of democracy's spokesmen at a time when all the fire and scorn seemed to be with the dictators. Although the complexity of Latin-American friendship has yet to be faced, Roosevelt and his Secretary of State Hull stand for the total respect of the United States in the countries 'south of the border'.

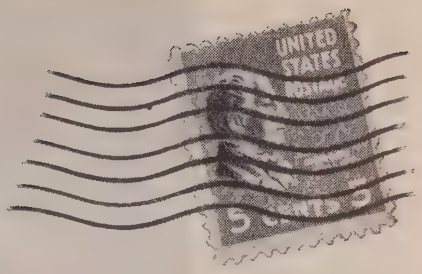
In the Pacific, he can claim that he sensed trouble in 1937 and stuck to his demand for a greatly expanded navy when even the Navy Department was against him.

**History Will Decide**

In Europe, he committed himself early on and sometimes, perhaps, too boldly, giving many people in Great Britain and France the notion that the United States was ready to leap in as a willing ally in any showdown with the dictators. To many in November, 1940, it seemed that he was hell-bent for war. For he is at his best in aggression, when he is responding dangerously to a dangerous challenge.

To Americans, Franklin Roosevelt can never be either so simple or so heroic a person as he is to Europeans. For it is too early to say positively whether Roosevelt assumed world responsibilities for his country that obscured and renounced their own terrific problems. Or whether he was moved by a sense of history and was simply a great leader asking the country that held the world's credit and had most of the world's natural resources to fulfil its necessary destiny.

# THE Monroe DOCTRINE




It is neither a law nor an agreement, but a policy. It exists for Americans only, and, being unilateral, has no place in International Law. It is, above all, unwritten. All Americans talk about it, each interpreting it in his own vague way. Taking the average of their utterances, we conclude that the Monroe Doctrine means simply: 'Hands off America!' and generally also implies the converse: 'Don't let the United States get involved in European squabbles'.

James Monroe (1758–1831), America's fifth president, did not invent his Doctrine. When he referred to it in widely-separated paragraphs of his Presidential Message on December 2, 1823, he was summing up what most Americans took for granted. True, he had published, twenty-six years before, his pamphlet, *A View of the Conduct of the Executive in the Foreign Affairs of the United States*, and earned by it Washington's strong disapproval. But the special circumstances of 1823 made his ideas timely and important. Then, it was the Holy Alliance against a dictator that America feared, not Napoleon himself. Spain's South American colonies had just broken away from her, and the United States were determined that this contact with Europe should not be renewed. Great Britain approved of America's attitude in Canning's famous claim, 'I called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old'.

Here are the key passages of Monroe's message: *In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence. . . . With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. . . . It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness. . . . The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Powers.*

Note that this contains no actual compact with other republics in the American continents to protect them from European aggression. It is cautious, 'peace-and-safety', even selfish; and that it helped the newborn nations of South America was quite accidental. Thus the United States took no part in any congress with Latin America until 1889. Nevertheless the Doctrine has been enforced when convenient: *e. g.*, against Maximilian, Mexico's one-year Habsburg Emperor, and against De Lesseps's proposed Panama Canal.

The United States regarded Europe as their old slave-master, the enemy of their republican institutions. That distrust still lurks under many American hats. It makes the Doctrine a good old election cry, and links up naturally with 'short-of-war', 'isolation', and 'our-Way-of-Life'. It is also seen by some critics as a cloak for 'American imperialism'—beginning in 1898 with the acquisition of Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines, after the Spanish-American War, and the annexation of Hawaii. This was the era of Theodore Roosevelt's 'Big Stick' policy, gravely feared by Latin Americans, who saw the Monroe Doctrine threatening to become an international police power in the Western Hemisphere—very different from Monroe's own time, which was called 'the era of good feeling'. Not until Franklin Roosevelt's 'Good Neighbour' policy did they feel at all reassured.

The Doctrine was also America's reason for not joining the League of Nations: instead, she formed her own Pan-American Union. Now, even Japan, persuaded by the Axis, has a 'Pacific Monroe Doctrine' to cover her 'sphere of influence' in the totalitarian 'New World Order'.

A. J.

# Meet Bill Bullitt

By NOEL BARBER

*With Roosevelt, he regards life as a crusade and is convinced 'that Richard Cœur de Lion made a pretty bad job of it compared with what they could do if they had a free hand'. Mr. Noel Barber is Associate Editor of the Overseas Daily Mail.*

GREEN grass is something to be proud of in Moscow. The prematurely bald man of forty-four looked appraisingly at the square of turf lying almost in the shadow of the Kremlin and the incredibly vivid church of Ivan the Terrible.

Balaclava-helmeted men, with long grey waisted coats, stubble on their chins, jack-boots on their feet, clustered near him. From a corner a few yards away, a string of ponies was led on to the grass. The riders cantered across the field. There was the crack of wood as it met the hard white surface of a small round ball.

His Excellency Bill Bullitt, United States Ambassador to Soviet Russia, had started another revolution. Polo.

Forty-nine now, fresh complexioned, immaculately dressed, enthusiastic lover of horses and horse-racing, William Christian Bullitt may be coming to London, it is rumoured, to smile as readily and as often as Joe Kennedy has smiled his way into the hearts of the British people.

Bill—who would make an excellent Church of England Dean, a highly successful horse-thief, or a superb business executive, for he has all the qualities for diplomatic success—may come to see how Britain is faring. He might even come as Ambassador. And very important it would be for Anglo-American relationships that Bill should come instead of W. C. Bullitt, Esq. This christianising of people in a most unchristian profession probably adds dozens of shells an hour to our war output in the United States.

Only one thing would disappoint Bill Bullitt in London—the omission of the racing page in the *Times*. He loves horse-racing so much that he had it sent specially every day to him while he lived in Paris. Only his bookmaker (and Bullitt) knows whether this special service paid dividends or not.

Bill Bullitt went to Yale and Harvard before going abroad at twenty-three with his mother in 1914. When the Great War started in 1914, he was in Moscow. Realising that something was wrong with the world, this son of Philadelphia society decided that journalism and a bit of Socialism were the best ways of changing things. He hasn't succeeded yet, but that isn't his fault.

He started well. When America entered the last war, he was twenty-six, and became chief of the State Department's Bureau of Central European Information, after holding down jobs as war and Washington correspondent.

End of the War. And Bill Bullitt—still with those dreams—went to the Peace conference, and from there to Russia to study the new Bolshevik rulers, and then report to President Wilson. But he became angry about the negative results of his commission.

He decided (how right he was) that America had lessened the chances of future European peace by the Peace Treaty and by President Wilson's refusal to hear Bullitt's report urging Soviet recognition. So at the tender age of twenty-eight, when diplomats, anyway, have no right to be in office, let alone retire, he retired, writing to the President that he was going 'to lie on the sand and watch the world go to hell'.

(He nearly went to the other place himself when Paris had its first big bombardment in the peaceful British days of June 1940. One bomb dropped only six feet away from him. It failed to explode. Bombed Bullitt went on with his lunch.)

**Versatile**

This man, who loves top hats and knows reporters by their christian names, has been by turns journalist, official in the State Department, peace delegate, special envoy to Russia, and even managing editor of a famous film corporation.

Finding none of these quite suitable—probably because he couldn't get his own way often enough—he abandoned politics and even abandoned Hollywood, and took up portrait-painting. His portraits were so bad that he took up novel-writing instead. Only one novel emerged. Title: *It's Not Done.* Theme: Giving the low-down on the higher-ups of the smart Philadelphia society, which had annoyed him when he wore velvet suits and parted the hair which he hasn't got any longer. Result: Not a bad novel as novels go.

His first job after a political exile of fourteen years was to be ambassador to Moscow—1933-36. From there to Paris. From Paris? . . . well, he would not get much polo in England now.

**Democratic**

Back in Russia, he became popular with the Soviets. Perhaps because, divorced from his first wife, he married in 1923 vivid and attractive Louise Bryant Reed, journalist-widow of Soviet Russia's American Red hero, Jack Reed. She died in Moscow—the great tragedy of Bullitt's life.

Why has Bill Bullitt succeeded? In Paris, it was quite understandable, because he had as the founder of his family in America a French Huguenot called Joseph Boulet.

In France, too, he found he had an eighteenth-century mind. Democratic though he is (despite a Yale education) Bill Bullitt has a taste for flowery pre-Pétain French aristocratic living.

Out on the edge of Paris, before Pétainism did away with high-quality democracy, Ambassador Bullitt lived and entertained in the grand manner at his château in the woods of Chantilly. There he walked down eighteenth-century corridors and through eighteenth-century rooms, where dukes and duchesses trod years before—before their inevitable execution. His garden parties were so charming that Chautemps, ex-premier of France, once expressed his delight by turning somersaults on the lawns. Bullitt preserved his dignity, and gave another garden party.

He did yeoman work, staying hour after hour at his desk, when Paris reached her critical days and was surrounded by the Nazis' swarming army. He was in daily contact by 'phone with Roosevelt, for Bullitt not only has the ear of the American President; he has the long arm, not of coincidence, but of the President's confidence. His reports to Roosevelt have made him an important moulder of American foreign policy.

His methods are unorthodox. Here is a trivial example: It happened in Paris that the French diplomatic authorities cold-shouldered American newspapermen and omitted to invite them to important Press conferences, so that the French news agencies obtained scoops.

Bullitt held Press conferences, too. For some peculiar reason, the French press representatives stopped receiving invitations. The news which Bullitt gave out was sometimes so important that the French Press was in the ludicrous position of having to learn of events in Paris from New York and London.

The American Press was never forgotten again.

**Waggish**

But his success goes deeper than these things. An American journalist with a reputation as a wag, wrote a parody on Cole-Porter's famous song, 'Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones', changing the words to 'Franklin D. Roosevelt Bullitt'. But as he couldn't get enough words to rhyme with Bullitt, it wasn't a success.

Still, it was a pretty shrewd summing-up of the main reason for Bullitt's success, because Roosevelt and Bullitt have always been as thick as thieves—horse - thieves. Both of them are America's biggest traitors—to their own class. They both have that same innate sense that life is a crusade, and that Richard Cœur de Lion made a pretty bad job of it, compared with what they could do if they had a free hand.

Both of them take their roots right from the heart of American history—Bullitt is connected with Pocahontas and George Washington, while his grandfather wrote Philadelphia's present charter. Both he and Roosevelt know what is wrong with the world to-day. Both of them have the twin combination of being dreamers and men of action, and believe they might be able to save it even yet.

**Paternal**

Ambassador Bullitt, anyway, has done one good job. He's a splendid Father Bullitt.

The scene changes. At a swank finishing school in Virginia, a pretty woman-in-the-making rides day after day. Anne Bullitt. Like father, like daughter. One time hostess in Moscow—before she reached her 'teens—Anne Bullitt, born in Paris in 1924, has seen history in the making.

She has crossed the Atlantic thirty-three times (she wants to cross it again, now to Europe, but Father Bullitt won't let her). She has swum in the Moscow River while an Ogpu guard looked on. She has travelled around Europe with two pet cats and a couple of dogs. She has learned to play a good game of bridge. She has been hostess to Premiers, Ambassadors. She is a great friend of the Windsors. She speaks, of course, fluent French, and can say much more than 'Thank you' in Russian.

She may come over after the war if Bill Bullitt comes over during the war.

If . . . let's hope he does. Any man who can introduce polo to Russia ought to do us a bit of good. He might even introduce a bit of good, sound horse-thieving. We could do with it.

# The Dutch East Indies

FOR five years the island of Java, richest of all the Dutch East Indies, was British. And through the folly of a Foreign Office clerk in London, it was lost to Britain for ever.

Now, Japan, goaded by the lure of Oil, looks towards this sprawling empire whose 20,000 islands cover a sea area in the tropics wider than the whole of the United States, and are populated by 65,000,000 happy brown natives, and 250,000 contented whites.

Go back to the year 1812, when Sir Stamford Raffles, greatest of all British pioneers in the Far East, was Lieutenant-Governor of Java. Knowing the island's value, Raffles wrote to the Foreign Office in London eloquently extolling its remarkable virtues.

A few years later, on a humid day in 1816, Raffles was holding a Government reception. A courier arrived with important dispatches from London. Raffles tore open the envelope, read a few lines, and the guests that thronged around him saw him go white. He had received the worst blow of his life—Java was being ceded to the Dutch in exchange for a worthless piece of land.

Years later, rummaging through the dusty pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office, an official found Raffles' letter in a corner. The seals were intact. His vital news about the enormous possibilities of Java had never been read.

Now that America has cut off high-grade aviation oil from Japan, the yellow warriors of Tokyo have their almond eyes focused on the Dutch East Indies, which can produce 60,000,000 barrels of oil a year—but rations Japan to a mere 10,000,000 barrels.

If the Japanese were to attack Java, they would not find much defence, though, ironically, they would find German Dorniers and German A.A. guns to fight the Japanese bombers; but the aeroplanes are few, the guns are old, and the native army is little more than 50,000 strong. The navy consists only of a few submarines, destroyers and three cruisers. Whether or not Singapore would help is another matter. Seeing that the Dutch are fighting for us, we, presumably, would fight for them; and anyway nearly 50,000,000 barrels of oil a year now goes from the Dutch East Indies to Singapore.

Japan, too, might easily find the American Navy entering the fray, for the conquest of the Dutch East Indies would unquestionably leave Japan in control of the Philippines.

You would like Java, for in this fertile region the Dutch have given an example of colonisation to the rest of the world. In Java alone they have built up a vast water system, increasing the fertility so much that the population has leapt from an original 9,000,000 to 45,000,000. Why not? Living is good for the natives. The Dutch guarantee them their land, and each man, however lowly his position, has his patch of padi (rice). All the mountains are cultivated in a gigantic series of terraced steps, so that they can be equally irrigated. Disease has been stamped out, despotic princes overruled, and foreign capital helps to run the island's oil and rubber, tea and quinine, tin and sulphur—with the natives taking a share.

The whites live well in the Dutch East Indies, though they have to get up at 6 a.m. to beat the heat. They sleep after lunch until 5 p.m., dine at 9 p.m., and if they are sensible do not drink (mainly gin, whisky) until sunset. Most people have at least three servants, and more than 90 per cent of the white men have Javanese blood in their veins. When the whites sleep, they all take to bed with them a 'Dutch wife'—a sort of bolster which they put between the legs to absorb perspiration in the 90-degree climate.

N.B.

# FROM CLAUSEWITZ TO HITLER

BY CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

*The tragic folly of 'total' warfare springs from the teaching of the great Prussian philosopher of war, Carl von Clausewitz—and misinterpretation of it. Hitler, by adapting it to modern conditions, has made himself a more dangerous adversary than Napoleon.*

Do you often have to spend your nights in an air-raid shelter? Do you divide your time between your business and war work? Or are you one of the ever-growing multitude who have been called into the Army? If so, does conscription seem to you a perfectly rational measure? If you are still a nominal civilian, do you simply accept as inevitable the innumerable restrictions in every sphere of civil life which have been imposed under Defence Regulations? Has it ever seemed strange to you that people are called on to surrender so much of their freedom in a war to 'defend freedom'?

Do you assume that all these things are the natural accompaniment of a war—and just blame Hitler for starting another war? Or do you wonder how this idea of Total War originated?

In tracing its earliest appearance we should have to go back to primitive times, when, in the course of the great migrations, one barbaric tribe sought to overwhelm another, using all its

man-power and resources. But there is too great a break in continuity to warrant such a pedigree. These primitive tendencies in warfare, although affecting the classical world, were gradually shed as Europe emerged from the Dark Ages and passed through the Middle Ages into the modern world. To an eighteenth-century mind, in 'the age of reason', they would have seemed preposterously foolish. Yet they were on the verge of revival. The impulse came from the French Revolution—and was exploited by its profiteer, Napoleon, for his own reckless aggrandisement.

While the 'Corsican adventurer's' methods of warfare were total enough to break up the fabric of Europe and eventually bleed white his own adopted nation, they did not totally ignore the principles of moderation which civilisation had gradually evolved. And with his collapse there was a prospect that Europe, in any future wars, would return to the tradition of cool-headed commonsense that Wellington had carried over from the eighteenth into the nineteenth century.

#### The Total War Bacillus?

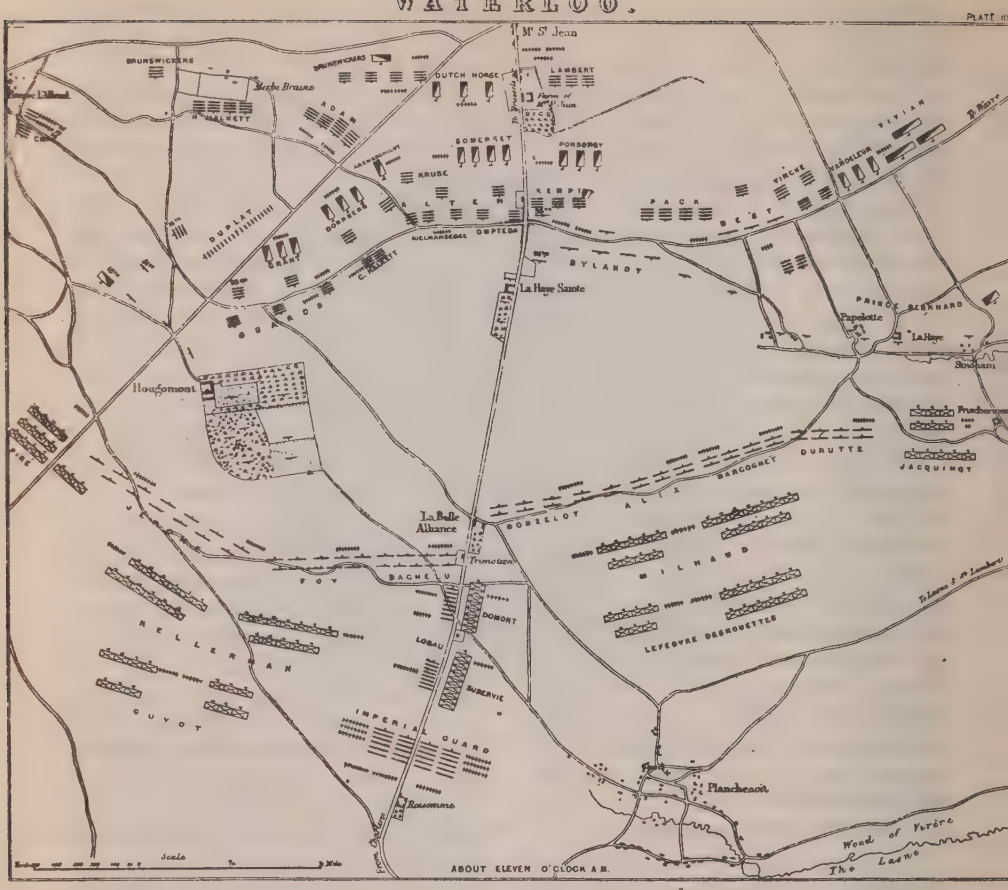
That prospect was soon to be endangered—although not actually destroyed until the twentieth century. This fateful, maybe fatal, result is to be traced to the great Prussian philosopher of war, Carl von Clausewitz. Yet it might never have come about but for the malignancy of a germ, the piety of his widow, and the stupidity of his disciples—although, it must be admitted, he invited misinterpretation by his combination of philosophical abstractness with love of a vivid phrase. It was not by his own intention that he led the military minds of Europe into a heedless pursuit of the theory of 'absolute war', and from that on—or, rather, back—to the irrational destructiveness of 'total war'.

There is a strange and suggestive coincidence in the fact that none of the three men who have unwittingly done most to break down the dykes of civilisation, and thereby loose a fresh flood of barbarism over Europe, had their roots in the countries where they carved their careers. Napoleon, who sought to make France the dominating force in Europe was a Corsican, of Italian origin. Hitler, who is seeking to establish Germany's dominance, is an Austrian. Clausewitz, the link between them, was a Prussian of Polish origin.

#### From Practice to Theory

Born in 1780, Clausewitz received his baptism of war before his education. He was only twelve when he joined the army, and took part in the Rhine campaigns of 1793–94, where he gained a commission. On his return to garrison duty he used the opportunity to repair the deficiencies of his education, which had been due to his father's poverty. And in 1801 he gained admittance to the Berlin Academy for young officers, which was then under Scharnhorst's direction. Clausewitz became a favourite pupil of the great army reformer, and, later, his assistant in reorganising the Prussian Army after its defeat by Napoleon.

In 1812 he was one of those officers who took service in the Russian Army, and did not rejoin his own until the campaign had ended with Napoleon's first abdication. Three years after Waterloo, he was made director of the Prussian War School, and spent the next twelve years in teaching, thinking, and writing on the theory of war. Then, in 1830, he was appointed chief of staff to the army on the Polish frontier, and




there, the next year, he fell victim to cholera.

After his sudden death, his writings were found in sealed packets, with the significant and prophetic note—'Should the work be interrupted by my death, then what is found can only be called a mass of conceptions not brought into form . . . and open to endless misconceptions. . . . Still, despite this imperfect form, I believe that an impartial reader will find in them some leading ideas which may bring about a revolution in the theory of war.'

His widow, with the help of some of his friends, proceeded to edit and publish these writings—in a series of ten volumes, the first three of which contained his main treatise *On War*. During the century that followed, 'Clausewitz's philosophy of war became the essential basis of all serious study of the art of war'—to cite the judgment of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in 1911.

The growth of its influence in the Prussian Army owed much to the fact that an old pupil of Clausewitz, the studious Helmuth von Moltke, became head of the general staff in 1857. The spread of its influence over the world owed still more to the fact that Moltke became the directing mind of the swiftly victorious campaigns of 1866 and 1870, over Austria and France respectively. It is true that the Prussian leaders made many perilous mistakes—which were covered up by the much more stupid blunders of the opposing generals, and the general inefficiency of the opposing armies. But soldiers throughout the world who could only see the superficial became lost in admiration of the victorious army. A wave of imitation swept over the other armies of Europe—as it had in Frederick the Great's time. They hastened to borrow and reproduce its uniforms, its helmets, and the ideas which grew under those helmets.

**The Secret Formula**

The Prussian Army had been nourished on the gospel of Clausewitz: therefore his gospel was right. He was hailed as the only true prophet. And no people came to accept him more blindly than the French—all the more easily because they were able to persuade themselves that he was the interpreter of Napoleon, and the discoverer of his secret formula for victory. They had almost forgotten by now that Napoleon's inexhaustible craving for complete victory had ended in his complete defeat—and the exhaustion of France. Such was their fervour for the vision of neo-Napoleonic warfare conveyed in Clausewitz's gospel that they put a ban of excommunication on any of their own military teachers or budding leaders who dared to be heretics.

There was abundant and profound wisdom to be found in Clausewitz's teachings by any soldier or statesman who could grasp it. He did much to correct the pedantic tendency then fashionable of treating the operations of war in terms of lines and angles, as a kind of strategic geometry. He showed a masterly appreciation of the moral factors—the effect of danger and fatigue, the value of audacity and determination. And although he stressed the value of superior numbers so often that his disciples came to regard mere mass as the simple recipe for victory, he pointed out elsewhere that surprise lay 'at the foundation of all undertakings, for without it the preponderance at the decisive point is not properly conceivable'.

**Men and Machines**

It was his errors, however, which had greater effect on the subsequent course of history. He was too Continental in outlook to understand the meaning of sea-power, or the problems of an imperial strategy. And his formulas could not be stretched to fit this wider sphere of war.

Again, his view of the 'fundamental' importance of numbers was obviously conditioned by the strange lack of any important development in weapons during the whole period of the Napoleonic wars. Thus, on the very threshold of the mechanical age, Clausewitz was led to declare his 'conviction that superiority in numbers becomes every day more decisive'. Such a 'commandment' gave reinforcement to the instinctive conservatism of soldiers in resisting the possibilities of the new form of superiority which mechanical invention increasingly offered.

It also gave a powerful impulse to the universal extension and permanent

establishment of the method of conscription—as a simple way of providing the greatest possible numbers. This, by its disregard for psychological suitability, meant that armies became much more liable to panic and sudden collapse. The earlier method, however unsystematic, had at least tended to ensure that armies were composed of good 'fighting animals'.

Clausewitz's too theoretical trend was also shown in his dictum, or delusion, that 'the close combat, man to man, is plainly to be regarded as the real basis of combat'. Even in the eighteenth century, practical soldiers had noted that, with the development of firearms, the close-quarter fight had become a rarity—yet so strong was the romantic tradition that in the twentieth century military training was still devoted to the bayonet-fight.

**What is Concentration?**

Another theoretical dictum that led to a dead end was contained in the too-simple phrase—'There is no more imperative and no simpler law for strategy than to keep the forces concentrated—no portion is to be separated from the main body unless called away by some urgent necessity'. In practice, effective concentration—of strength against weakness—depends on the dispersion of your opponent's strength, which in turn is produced by a distribution of your own that gives the appearance, and partial effect, of dispersion. True concentration is the fruit of a calculated degree of dispersion. Clausewitz would seem to have missed the essential point of the Napoleonic method of elastic grouping and wide distribution as a means to the enemy's distraction.

Such theories, carried to extremes by his disciples, led to the tragic follies of 1914-1918, to the creation and training of masses for massacre by machine-guns.

The worst effect of Clausewitz lay, however, in his exaltation of the idea of 'absolute' warfare—in proclaiming that the road to success was through the unlimited application of force. Thereby a doctrine which began by defining war as 'only a continuation of state policy by other means' led to the contradictory end of making policy the slave of strategy. And bad strategy at that. For Clausewitz contributed to the subsequent decay of generalship when, in an oft-quoted passage, he wrote: 'Philanthropists may easily imagine that there is a skilful method of disarming and overcoming the enemy without great bloodshed, and that this is the proper tendency of the Art of War. . . . This is an error which must be extirpated.'

It is obvious that when he wrote this he did not pause to reflect that what he decried had been regarded as the proper aim of generalship by all the masters of the art of war—including Napoleon himself. Yet Clausewitz's phrase would henceforth be used by countless blunderers to excuse, and even to justify, their futile squandering of life in bull-headed assaults.

**'Violence to the Utmost'**

An even more disastrous dictum of his was that—'To introduce into the philosophy of war a principle of moderation would be an absurdity. War is an act of violence pushed to its utmost bounds.' That declaration has served as a foundation for the extravagant absurdity of modern total warfare. His principle of force without limit and without calculation of cost fits, and is only fit for, a hate-maddened mob. It is the negation of statesmanship

HOW A GERMAN MECHANISED BREAK-THROUGH WORKS: GERMANS AT TOP, FRENCH BELOW RIVER, IN A 60-MILE AREA OF ATTACK—Diagram from *Life*

and of intelligent strategy—which seeks to serve the ends of policy. If war be a continuation of policy, as Clausewitz had elsewhere declared, it must necessarily be conducted with a view to post-war benefit. A state which expends its strength to the point of exhaustion bankrupts its own policy.

That hard truth of experience, which was brought home to us after our victory in 1918, had been well appreciated two centuries earlier—in 'the age of reason'. A long series of mutually exhausting and devastating wars, above all the Thirty Years' War, had brought statesmen by the eighteenth century to realise the necessity, when engaged in war, of curbing both their ambitions and their passions in the interests of their purpose.

On the one hand, this realisation tended to produce a tacit limitation of

warfare—an avoidance of excesses which might damage after-the-war prospects. On the other hand, it made them more ready to negotiate a peace if and when victory came to appear dubious of achievement. Their ambitions and passions frequently carried them too far, so that the return to peace found their countries weakened rather than strengthened—but they had learnt to stop short of national exhaustion.

This gradual education in the inherent limitations of war was still in process when it was interrupted by the French Revolution bringing to the top men who were novices in statesmanship. The Directory and its successor, Napoleon, pursued the vision of an enduring peace through war after war for twenty years. The pursuit never led to the goal, but only to spreading exhaustion and ultimate collapse.

**Expiating Error**

As one of the greatest of modern historians, Ferrero, has pointed out, the men who were brought to power by the French Revolution, pinned

> 'their faith to that most fundamental illusion of inexperience—the belief that force when intensified becomes irresistible. The eighteenth century realised that, on the contrary, it would destroy itself, but this truth, just because it is one of the simplest, is also one of the most difficult to perceive. The innate violence of human nature, its thoughtlessness, its pride, and its egotism, refuse to accept it; they are, in fact, in a state of latent revolt against it even when obliged to accept it; and when they can, they throw down this fragile central pillar of civilisation.' 'The eighteenth century was justified in wishing to regulate warfare, because it had discovered that war without rules leads to the complete overthrowing of the social order, to the destruction of civilisation. The Revolution, and subsequently the nineteenth century, disregarded this great discovery, and the world has been expiating their mortal error for the last twenty years.'

Since Ferrero delivered that verdict a fresh penalty has been exacted—still more ruinous in prospect.

**Blitzkrieg**

While this tragic train of folly has been largely due to Clausewitz, any careful student of his writings realises that he would have been aghast at their effect—and the way they came to be interpreted. To understand him aright it is essential to appreciate his background—as early impregnation with the philosophy of Kant blended later with a romantic adoration for Napoleon's military genius. The influence of Kant can be perceived in Clausewitz's dualism of thought in believing in a perfect (military) world of ideals while recognising a temporal world in which these could only be imperfectly fulfilled. Napoleon's campaigns provided him with an ideal—the *blitzkrieg*. But Clausewitz was capable of distinguishing between what was militarily ideal and what he described as 'a modification in the reality'.

He argued that 'in theory at least . . . the complete disarming or overthrow of the enemy must always be the aim of warfare'—but subsequently remarked that it 'is rarely attained in practice and is not a condition necessary to peace'. Also, that 'the waste of our forces must, *ceteris paribus*, always be greater the more our aim is directed upon the destruction of the enemy's

power. The danger lies in this—that the great efficacy which we seek recoils on ourselves, and therefore has the worse consequences in case we fail of success.'

Out of his own mouth Clausewitz here delivered a prophetic verdict upon the consequences a century later of pursuing his military ideals—for it was these, rather than his practical precepts, which captivated the minds of soldiers in the generations that followed. The ideal was expressed in opening phrases so vivid that they missed the 'modifications in reality', which were more obscurely explained.

Much of the harm might have been avoided but for that fatal cholera germ. For there are significant indications that in the gradual evolution of his thought he had reached a point where he was about to drop his original concept of 'absolute' war, and revise his whole theory on more commonsense lines—when death intervened. In consequence, the way was left open to the 'endless misconceptions' far in excess of his anticipation—for the universal adoption of the theory of unlimited war has already gone far to wreck civilisation.

### New Illusions: Old Prejudices

By their domination of European military thought, the unrevised teachings of Clausewitz helped to bring about the first World War. Statesmen in the countries concerned yielded to 'military reasons' that had no foundation in reason. And once they had been committed to war, they were pinned there, helplessly, by the grip of the 'absolute conception'. The formula of war to the utmost was ceaselessly recited by their military advisers, and at each repetition of the sacred name of Clausewitz the statesmen, in their ignorance, bowed their heads—shutting their eyes to the future. So, faithful to the illusion of absolute victory, they continued the war to the point of common exhaustion.

After that war there was a chance that out of the ashes of universal disillusionment a saner conception of war might arise, as in the eighteenth century. But the prospect was frustrated—partly by the growth of new illusions, partly by the continuance of old prejudices.

### Two Maxims

One of the illusions was that there would be no more wars—so that it seemed to many who had good minds a waste of time to give thought to the problem of war. People were ready, perhaps too ready, to recognise that events had exposed the underlying fallacy, in a world of competitive nations, of the old maxim, 'If you wish for peace, prepare for war'. But they were not prepared to give serious attention to the new maxim which, one suggested, ought to replace it—'If you wish for peace, understand war'. This was the necessary basis of a secure policy, which must be watchful for danger-signs.

Another illusion was due to the fact that the Allied nations, whatever their internal exhaustion, had gained the outward appearance of victory. On their side, it inspired a dangerous degree of contentment with the methods they had followed, and too much trust in their capacity to maintain their superiority. On the Germans' side it fostered the belief that all their troubles had come, not from any fundamental fault in their conception of war, but from the unlucky fact that they had suffered defeat before reaching their goal.

These effects were deepened by the depth of prejudice which such a bitter and all-embracing war had left. This thwarted the possibility of a peace of

reasoned moderation. Furthermore, combined with the prejudice in favour of accustomed instruments, it caused France and her satellites to retain the system of conscription, although Germany had been made to abandon it. Such compulsion ensured its restoration there at the first opportunity, since the German people were thus led to regard it as a badge of recovery, whereas they might otherwise have returned to their eighteenth-century view of it as a badge of slavery. And the preservation of conscription in turn assured the resurrection of unlimited warfare, now to be rechristened 'total warfare'.

At one time it might have been checked by a new counter-current of thought which developed soon after the war. But this arose among progressive soldiers — who were more concerned with the technical inefficiency of the modern war of masses than with its wider futility.

**Qualitative Warfare**

In Britain, Colonel Fuller and other protagonists of mechanisation prophesied the dissolution of mass armies in face of the tank and the aeroplane, and proclaimed the gospel of qualitative warfare.

In Italy, General Douhet propounded the theory that the air weapon would be decisive—a view which also had powerful advocates in this country.

In Germany, General von Seeckt set out to make the new *Reichswehr* a weapon of quality which by mobility could nullify quantity.

This new military trend was cut short by the new political movements which were arising in Europe. It did not suit their popular basis and theory, though it did fit their real direction and practice. Thus, while it apparently sank out of sight, it had a far-reaching effect beneath the surface.

**Hitler and Napoleon**

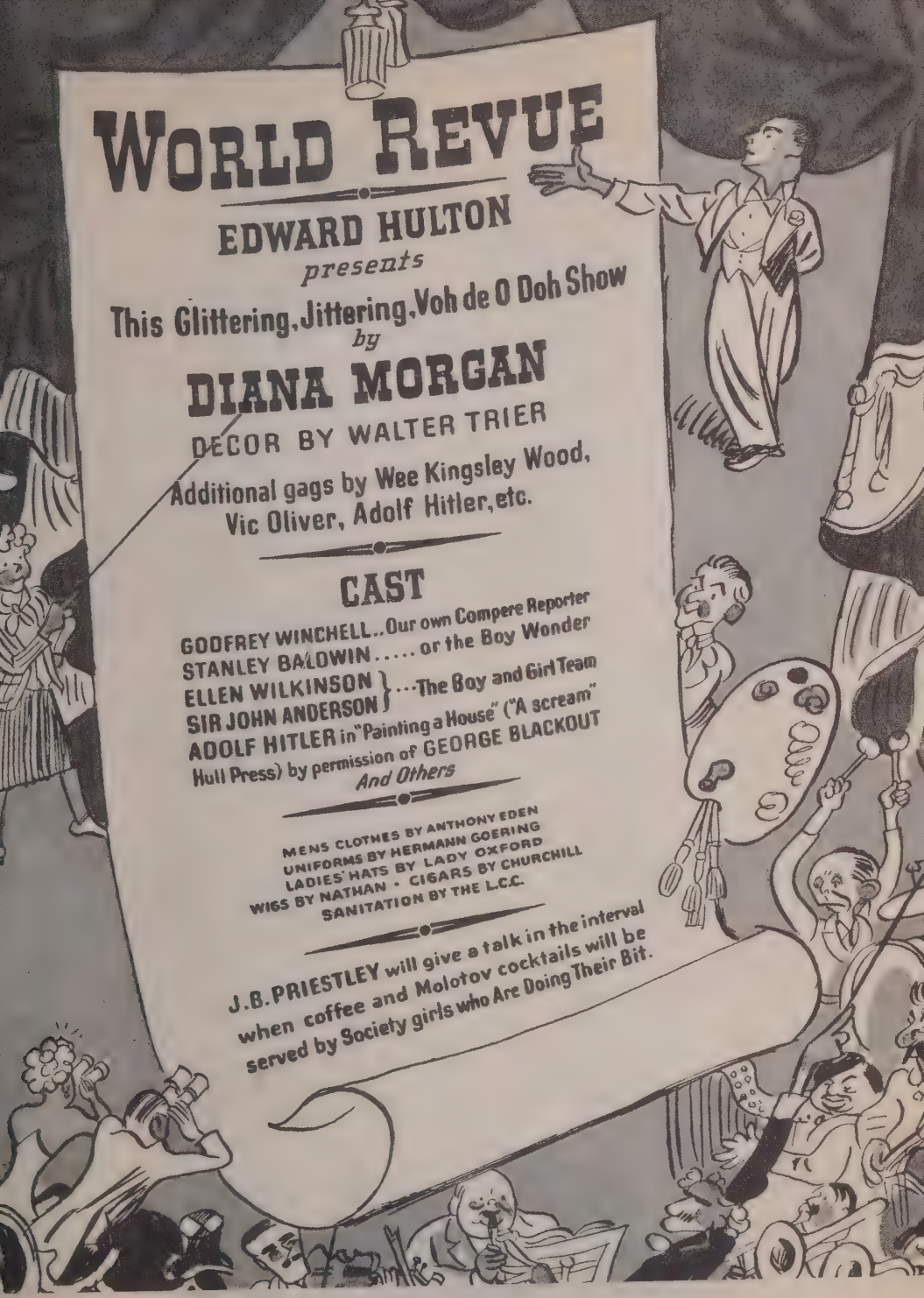
The effect can be traced in the difference between the theory of total warfare as dished up by Ludendorff and the far more subtle technique which Hitler has applied. The 'new' version of total warfare which Ludendorff expounded was little more than the Clausewitzian doctrine carried to the uttermost pitch of violence—and absurdity.

By contrast, Hitler has chosen the indirect rather than the direct approach, has aimed at the dislocation and paralysis of his opponents rather than their destruction, and has preferred to use the threat of force rather than the act. And when he has brought force into action he has kept his masses as a background to the specialised new-type instruments on which he has primarily relied. Also, he has constantly exploited a calculated dispersion.

In brief, he has adapted Clausewitz to modern conditions, while avoiding, so far, most of the errors which Clausewitz derived from Napoleon—to the misleading of subsequent generations. This advance in methods when added to his advantage in means makes Hitler a more dangerous adversary than Napoleon. And we should be wise to regard him as such.

HITLER SAID THIS

*The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed.*—From *Mein Kampf.*


WORLD REVUE
EDWARD HULTON
presents
This Glittering, Jittering, Voh de O Doh Show
by
DIANA MORGAN
DECOR BY WALTER TRIER
Additional gags by Wee Kingsley Wood,
Vic Oliver, Adolf Hitler, etc.
CAST
GODFREY WINCHELL.. Our own Compere Reporter
STANLEY BALDWIN ..... or the Boy Wonder
ELLEN WILKINSON
SIR JOHN ANDERSON } ... The Boy and Girl Team
ADOLF HITLER in "Painting a House" ("A scream"
Hull Press) by permission of GEORGE BLACKOUT
And Others
MENS CLOTHES BY ANTHONY EDEN
UNIFORMS BY HERMANN GOERING
LADIES' HATS BY LADY OXFORD
WIGS BY NATHAN · CIGARS BY CHURCHILL
SANITATION BY THE L.C.C.
J.B. PRIESTLEY will give a talk in the interval
when coffee and Molotov cocktails will be
served by Society girls who Are Doing Their Bit.

# OPENING CHORUS

*Sung by Mr. Hulton's Young Ladies in cellophane siren suits*

What can we do
To open a World Revue?
The world is too wide,
And the ocean too deep,
For man in his pride
To do more than peep—
We can but glimpse on
Mrs. Simpson,
And pass by,
To cast a sigh
For battered Sutton,
Or pipe an eye
For Barbara Hutton—
(For what *could* be horrider
Than to winter in Florida?)

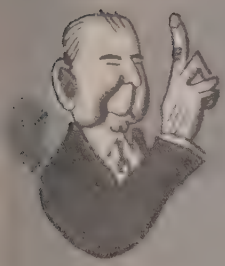
What can we do
To initial this Revue?
The note is not set
For the people to play,
We cannot forget
The world of to-day—
We can but spy Mussolini
or Mrs. Sweeney,
And set sail
To see the pale
Slim Leslie Howard,
To catch the mail
To Noel Coward—
(He's working hard—he's very zealous,
And all you boys are simply jealous!)

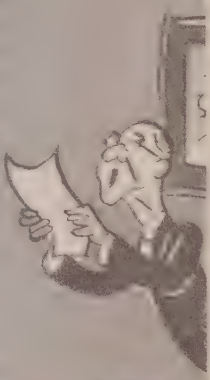
Oh! A penny for the Peepshow!
Don't let it be a sleep show!

A Revue is just a point of view,
A certain glimpse through the curtain,
So ring up the curtain
AND ON WITH THE SHOW!

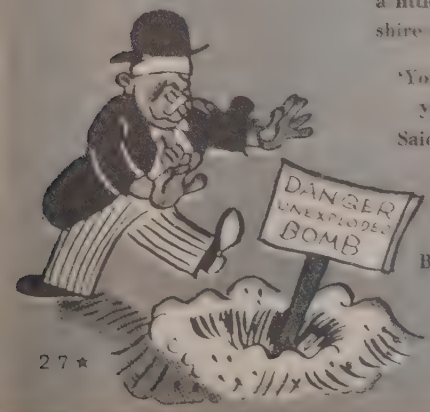
*Enter Godfrey Winchell with his microphone (mouthpiece by Signor Gayda).*

GODFREY: Hello, Mr. and Mrs. *World Review*, this is your own Reporter Godfrey Winchell speaking. *Flash!* Sorry to have to tell you that Mr. Sponge won't be on the boards this evening. He didn't evacuate himself this morning. *Flash!* Sir John Simon is taking both his faces into retirement to write 'Manchuria or How I stood up to Stimson'. *Flash!* Beverley Nichols was Twenty-five nearly twenty-five years ago. *Flash!* We have had several suggestions as to what to do with the piece of paper Mr. Chamberlain brought back from Munich. *Flash!* A voice was heard in the Kremlin the other night—it was Sir Stafford Cripps singing 'Stalin is my darlin''. *Flash!* Sir John Anderson is setting up a Committee to see that the Forces don't meet girls after black-out time. *Flash!* The birth-rate is rising rapidly. *Flash!* I had a letter from a friend who says 'The old men of Vichy are chi chi, and that dreary Georges Bonnet has stolen my Monet'. *Flash!* Mothers and babies to the country—and Mother's taking me. 'Godfrey,' she said, 'Pack your trunks, and put on your toupee, and we're off to the Cottage.' I can't think what boys do who haven't got mothers! *Flash!* The first sketch in this Revue is about Stanley Baldwin and Mother Britannia—which reminds me of a little rhyme they know in Worcestershire places where they sing:





'You've sealed up your lips, and shut up your eyes,'
Said the country, 'Don't give yourself airs.
The people of Britain have had quite enough.
Be off!' So they kicked him upstairs.



SCENE—*A pretty glade. Enter Mother Britannia and Little Stanley Baldwin.*

*Britannia:* Well, Stanley, how did you get on in school?

*Stanley:* Very well, thank you. We had a geography lesson this afternoon.

*Britannia:* What did you do?

*Stanley:* I wrote an essay on Worcestershire. I put in a lot of quotations.

*Britannia:* What about Adolf?

*Stanley:* Oh, he did Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Rumania, and—Mother—

*Britannia:* Yes, dear.

*Stanley:* I do think Benito's an awful crib. He just copies Adolf.

*Britannia:* Is it true that Adolf is making aeroplanes in his back yard?

*Stanley:* Oh, *no!* Whatever would he want to do that for?

*Britannia:* I've no idea. Well, on, Stanley, on about your geography.

*Stanley:* We've each been given something special to study. Adolf and Benito both chose London—wasn't it nice of them?

*Britannia:* What about you?

*Stanley:* Well, I turned down Windsor and took Canterbury instead.

*Britannia:* You're certain, Stanley, that there is no truth in the rumour that Adolf plays with tanks in Prep?

*Stanley:* Well, he only *plays*, Mother.

*Britannia:* He wouldn't get rough, would he?

*Stanley:* Oh, *no*, and if he did I wouldn't hit back. You can trust me.

*Britannia:* I hear he's training the boys in his village to fight.

*Stanley:* Yes. But it's only in fun. Adolf said so.

*Britannia:* You believe him?

*Stanley:* Oh *yes*, Mother. I'm an English Gentleman, and I believe everyone.

*Britannia:* Did you have a history lesson to-day?

*Stanley:* Yes. Adolf made his up—so did Benito.

*Britannia:* What did you do?

*Stanley:* I helped them. They said I'd been *very* useful and that they couldn't have done it without me—wasn't it nice of them?

*Britannia:* I hope you don't help them just to get praise, Stanley dear!

*Stanley:* Oh, *no*, Mother. Every time I do anything I say to myself: 'It is for England!'

*In the darkness a man's voice sings:*

'Paris is not the same'
Says the song
It's not wrong.
It can never, ever,
Seem, or dream to be
The Paris that was loved by you and me
There are no houses fallen down
Or broken, as in London Town.
Paris is safe beneath the stars,
She bears no honourable scars.
Paris is not the same—
In the Bois
Chestnuts are
Aflame,
But somehow shame
has touched her name . . .
No, Paris is not the same!

GODFREY:

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Let me present the same event
As it would be treated, more or less,
By the American, English, and German Press.

# TIME

THE AMERICAN NEWSMAGAZINE

'The most sensational Birth since the Birth of Christ is reported from Lewisham, Eng. Eliza Brown, blue-eyed twenty-six-year-old wife of Arthur Brown, Night Watchman, has given birth to Female Sextuplets. What price the Dionnes? England has gone Brown Baby Crazy. The war takes a back seat while the Empire waits breathlessly for the B.B.C. half-hourly bulletin about these cataclysmic mop-pets. They are to be called Siren, Spit-fire, Shelter, Screamer, Shellshock and Mary Ann. This is the most world-shat-tering, overwhelming and colossal event in Modern History!'

*BLACK OUT*

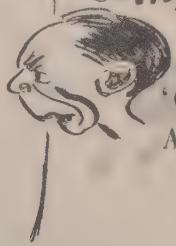
# THE TIMES

LONDON

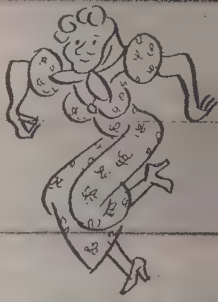
BROWN

To Elizabeth, wife of Arthur Brown of 26 Laburnum Villas, Lewisham, S.E., the gift of six daughters.

DER *Angriff* Berlin



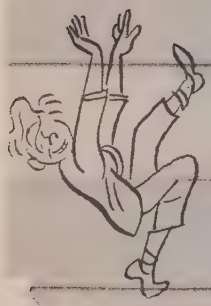
'Churchill Again . . .'

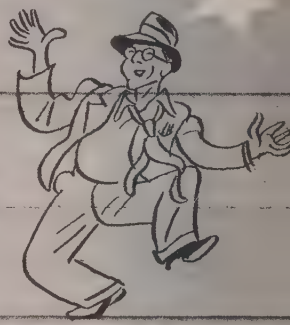


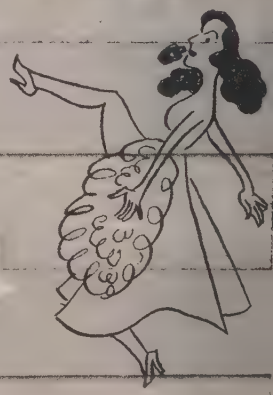
## FIRST HALF FINALE

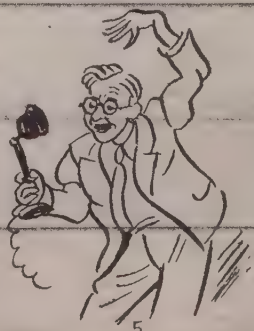
*A Hoofer with chorus of Jitterbugs comes on and sings:*

There's a new dance,
A me-and-you dance,
You mustn't miss!
That absurd 'Boomps-a-daisy'
Drove you crazy,
Well, so does this!
It's called the 'Raymond Gram' Swing!
It's just the scattiest thing,
Put on your Gram, and let's sing,
And swing it too!
Me and you,
Boop-a-doo!
Roosevelt & Co.
Know how to let go—
You should see Eleanor
Take the floor!
Robert Benchley
Likes it immenchley,
While Helen Hayes
Does it for days,
And Mickey Rooney
Goes all spooney,
Walter Winchell
Thinks it's essinchell,
And Brenda Duff Frasier
*Couldn't* be crazier!
While Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
Does it in orchids and a kilt!
So turn on your Radio, Folks, and let's sing
The Bluesiest
Newsiest
'Raymond Gram' Swing! Huh!







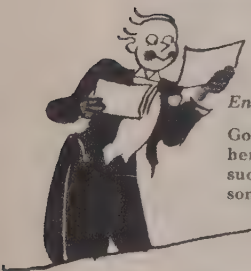


In the interval Mr. Priestley will broadcast this speech:

*Mr. Priestley's Speech*

Good evening. I want to talk tonight about the Common Man. Now I am a Common Man—very common, but I happen to have the gift of a really tremendous imagination. Now, this evening as I was walking to Bannockburn by way of Beachy Head, I looked up at the stars and my imagination got started, and I thought this terrific thought. The same stars were shining down on Hitler and Mussolini and their gang—*they* were only Common Men, too! Yes, I thought, and the same sun will shine on them, and the same wind will blow, and then somehow I found it difficult to believe that anyone—anyone all over the world—could despair of humanity. People say to me, 'if only the same *bombs* would fall on Hitler and Mussolini!' but that is not possible, as a bomb only falls once. We must realise that, if we are going to keep our sense of proportion. People also say to me, *how* do you keep a sense of proportion in these evil days, and I tell them that if they were Common Men with really tremendous imaginations, nothing could be easier. In Yorkshire we have a saying, 'ee all tha's tha', and if you don't know what that means, you must be from Lancashire! Good-night.

ANNOUNCER: That was Mr. Priestley, who has been speaking on the Home Service during 'Hi Gang' on the Forces Programme. I don't get it.

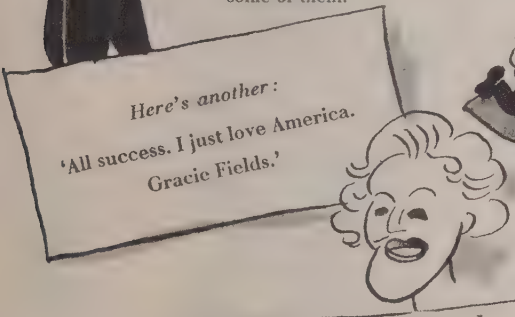


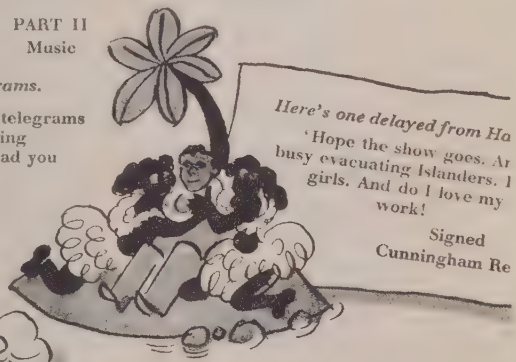
PART II

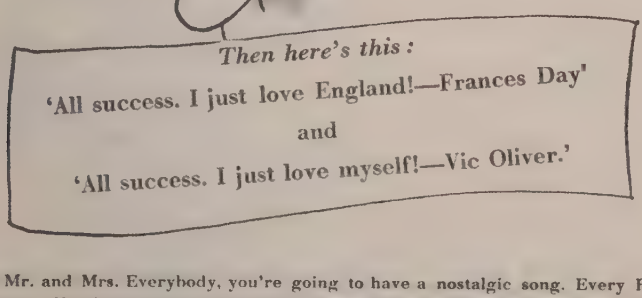
Music

*Enter Godfrey with telegrams.*

Godfrey: . . . I've got some telegrams here from celebrities wishing success to the show. I'll read you some of them.





And now, Mr. and Mrs. Everybody, you're going to have a nostalgic song. Every Revue has a nostalgic song. You know, about memories of some place or other. So here goes. Ours is called 'Take me back to my Home Town on Memory Lane'.

*ENTER A CROONER. HE SINGS:*

Nostalgia claims me for her own,
My mind 's a dark December,
When Memories come sweeping back
When sadly I remember–

Chicago!
The glamour and the clamour
All your own.
Chicago!
Your tough guys, and your rough guys,
Al Capone!
Your armoured cars, your dizzy dolls,
Your secret Bars, your sequinned Molls,
Your lots and lots of real Big Shots.
Chicago!
You were apart, you made my heart
Wonder—
Chicago!
Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Hess,
Have stolen your thunder!

Chicago!
Terrific and pacific,
Now you seem.
Chicago!
Your passions and your fashions,
All a dream.
Your hidden [illegible], your stocks of 'snow',
Are simply [illegible] of long ago.
Your sexy [illegible] names.
Chicago!
You were [illegible] sweet
[illegible]
[illegible]
Berlin, [illegible]
[illegible]

*SCENE—A Room at Blimp Court. The Colonel seated. Before him stands young Featherstonehaugh.*

**Colonel** Well, Featherstonehaugh, **how are you getting on at Blimp Court?**

*F.* It's wonderful here, Sir. **I'm so glad I was expelled from Osterley.**

**Colonel** Lot of bolshies there, what?

*F.* Yes, Sir. I was asked to shoot a chap who was about to drop a land mine on a Children's Hospital.

**Colonel** Well?

*F.* He had his back to me, Sir. Naturally, as an old Malburian, I couldn't do it. That was why I was expelled, Sir.

**Colonel** Gad, Sir, what is happening in this country? I suppose you *were* taught that the British Army loses every battle except the last—at least you were taught *that*, eh?

*F.* Oh, no, Sir! They said we should win the first battle.

**Colonel** And why, may I ask? Why?

*F.* Said it would save lives, Sir.

**Colonel** Save lives! Save lives! Never heard of such a thing! Saving lives is not strategy, my boy, and it's strategy that counts. Look at the Maginot Line!

*F.* Yes, Sir.

**Colonel** That's strategy. Why, it's still there! Very important that—could be used for anything any time. I suppose they taught you to fight in the streets in that damn place?

*F.* Yes, Sir.

**Colonel** The British Army *never* fights in streets. You've heard the expression Field of battle? Well, *all* battles are fought in fields. Flanders Field. Field of Waterloo. Playing Fields of Eton. Why, when I was on the North-West Frontier I never took a shot at the *most* revolting tribesman unless I was in a field, and though they were difficult to find, by Gad, I found 'em!

*F.* And missed the tribesman, Sir?

**Colonel** What if I did? **Who cared? It was all part of the game.** I was known as **Mad Carew by the subs at Khatmander.** Reigh ho!

*F.* Sir, I came to report that a German parachutist landed this morning, and did considerable damage to the inhabitants at Little Dirtching.

**Colonel** The damn Boche! What did you do, eh? Run him through?

*F.* I was just about to do so, Sir, when I recognised him. He had often stayed in England before the war, and had been so keen about our aerodromes. . . .

**Colonel** Well?

*F.* I let him go, Sir.

**Colonel** You let him go! You let him go! YOU LET HIM GO!

*F.* Yes, Sir, he was wearing an M.C.C. tie.

**Colonel** (*embracing him*): My boy—you are a Sahib!

*BLACK OUT*

VOICE IN
SINGS

e the beginning man has looked to
the skies,
ted his eyes
o the sun in his splendour,
o the moon's pale surrender,
To God in the heavens his head man did
raise
And sang of His praise
Who sent rain
For the grain
From the blue hazy spaces,
Rain that fell on men's faces
Cooling and clean.
To the heavens serene
In pleasure, in prayer, man has lifted
his head:
'The skies were black with bombers,'
someone said.

Is re-decorating Eton.
I hear that Mr. Messel
Is re-decorating Cecil.'

Well, Ellen Wilkinson, our juvenile girl, has called in Mr. Beaton to do up her shelter—and the next number is our theme song, 'Love Will Shelter You'.

SCENE : *A Beaton Shelter somewhere in Westminster. Ellen and Sir John Anderson.*

*Ellen:* (sings) I'm so glad I thought of Cecil to brighten up my home,
D'you see that tapestry, my dear? He says it came from Rome.
The Black Boy in the corner is from the Fulham Road,
Your cocoa cup is Worcester and the saucer is old Spode.

Refinement for the masses is Cecil's big idea,
The bunks are all rococo but the springs are rather queer.

The matting came from Woolworth's, so did the pretty clock.
It 's such good form, quite Syrie Maugham, what Cecil calls 'Baroque'.

*John :* (sings) I liked my little shelters so much better as they were
With just a packing case or two, a nightlight and a chair,
A photograph of Winston, and a snap of Leslie Banks,
And a corner where young Albert Jones could have a game of tanks.
I don't believe in dolling up, like Priestley I'm just plain,
And when it's raining cats and dogs I like to *see* the rain.
But it doesn't matter, Ellen, whatever you may do
I won't complain, but once again I'll sing this song to you!

Helter skelter into the shelter,
The warning is just due,
Rain may pelter on the shelter
That is nothing new!
All East Enders will befriend us, and West Enders, too,
So take cover, and if you've a lover
Love will shelter you!

SCENE : *A London Restaurant. Michael, a Polish officer, and John, an English one, drinking their after-dinner coffee.*
*Michael :* I find myself still so confused by your English women's uniforms. The WRNS and the VAD I know — but what is that lady over there? What is WVS?
*John :* Oh, that's the Women's Voluntary Service.
*Michael* How kind! In Poland we have to pay.
BLACK OUT

*An unseen choir takes up the beautiful refrain*
Helter skelter into the shelter
The Siren's well away.
Rain may pelter on the shelter
But inside we are gay!
The trees are bare in Berkeley Square, the Nightingale 's bare, too!
So take cover—and if you've a lover
LOVE WILL SHELTER YOU.

(*Copies of this may be obtained price 2/6 from the attendants.*)

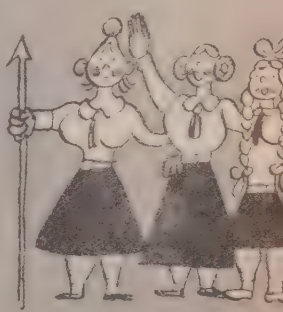
SCENE—*A Channel Port, battered, but covered with swastikas and roses. Juvenile, dun-coloured Nazis come forward and sing with regimented enthusiasm:*

Invasion Day! Invasion Day!
Ev'rything is bright and gay!
We're longing to jump in the salt sea spray
And go over
To Dover!

**Hans:** No Britisher shall then escape,
We shall sow and we shall rape.
**Fritz:** Goering will float there on his belly
(His bathing suit by Schiaparelli).
**Emil:** I'm sick to death of Rotterdam,
And sick of death in Hamburg and Hamm.
**All:** Let's fly
Across to Rye!
Hey! Hey! for Happy Invasion Day!

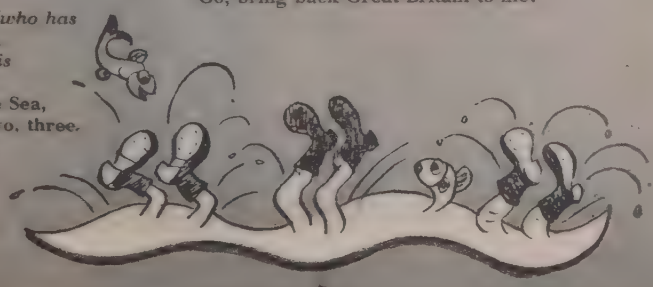
*Alarms. Excursions. Hautboys. Enter Hitler in uniform as Wilhelm the Conqueror 1066 with Chorus of Glamour Girls in real wool stockings.*

**Adolf:** Hello, boys and girls!
**All:** Hello, Adolf!
**Adolf:** Waiter, bring me a bottle of Hausfraumilch '21 and gather round all of you and drink to my success. *(Sings.)*
Invasion Day! Invasion Day!
At last I'm going to have my way
And launch my fleet from Le Touquet
And make hay
In St. Margaret's Bay!
On happy Invasion Day!
**Rudi:** The English woman is a bitch in
Every way. Back to her kitchen!
**Sexi:** Oh, she'll soon learn her proper station,
The tired warrior's relaxation!
**Pantzi:** Oh, they deserve all Goebbels' mockings.
Hans says he'll bring me back silk stockings!
**All:** Oh, go and steal
A march on Deal!
Hey! Hey! It's Happy Invasion Day!



**Adolf** *(sings):*
Great Britain is over the Ocean,
Great Britain is over the Sea,
And I'll get a whimsical notion—
Go, bring back Great Britain to me!

**Goering** *(who has appeared, waving his baton):*
Into the Sea,
One, two, three.
Jump!

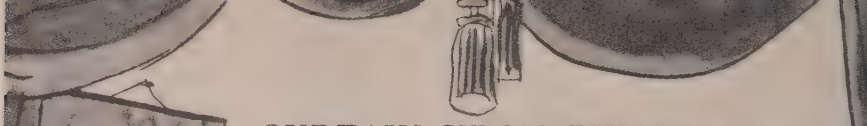


*The troops rush madly forward and fling themselves into the North Sea (or German Ocean?).*

**Hitler:** Mein Goering! Mein Goering! I have forgotten something!
**Goering:** Never, Maestro!
**Hitler:** Yes! I have forgotten to teach them to swim!



***BLACK OUT***



# CURTAIN UPON FINALE

*A Boy and Girl are looking at a map*

*They sing:*

The map of the World that we used to know
Was full of good red patches
(The result of British snatches
Long ago).
But Hitler and his horrid friends
Spend their unspeakable week-ends
In changing Maps—
The dreary chaps!

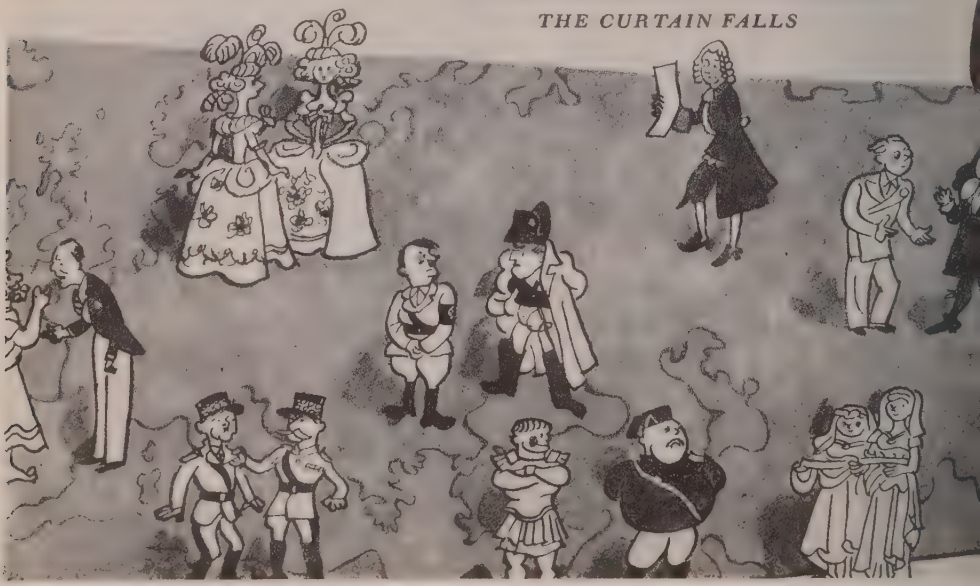
*Refrain:*

Pastures painted green and rivers painted blue
Houses painted red—that was the map we knew.
Where every little person had some sort of little place,
And Leaders didn't worry much about such things as Race.
Bays, and Capes, and Islands, and each romantic name—
Villefranche, Marrakesh, Port of Spain, Manhattan Island, Thame.
Maps with deep green places that marked a lovely view,
Those were the maps they made, my dear, for folks like me and you.

Countries blotted out by death to-day are nothing new.
Poland, Holland, Belgium gone. The Danube is not blue
But red with blood it speeds away to meet the cleansing sea,
The only thing upon the map that's restless, fresh and free.
Towns and streets and cities marked by the hand of man—
Warsaw, Narvik, and Dunkirk, and Brussels, and Sedan . . .
But we will make new maps again to show each lovely view.
Those are the maps we're fighting for, the maps for me and you!

*The Map becomes alive and out of it step Historical Personages and People of our Time. Napoleon screams 'Copy cat' to Hitler and won't play. Marie Antoinette is vile to Norma Shearer. Foch tells Weygand a few things. Pitt is very interested in the age of the Cabinet. Godfrey Winchell chats to Pepys. Aristophanes cracks gags with Noel Coward and Caligula giggles at Mussolini, who's looking for the Vestal Virgins. There is a terrific transformation scene, the world revolves, manna falls from heaven, the sea gives up its dead, and*

*THE CURTAIN FALLS*



# The Ideal Woman

## by JAMES LAVER

*Can woman transform her physical characteristics at will? The amazing thing is that throughout all her changes she has continued to attract.*

WOMAN is amazingly plastic. Men change, too, with changing epochs, but how slowly and to what little effect! All that the historian can tell us is that they tended to be lean in the mediæval period, owing to the scarcity of fats, and fat in the sixteenth century, owing to the invention of beer; that the kind of exercise considered suitable for an armoured knight gave them short legs and massive shoulders (the torso of a prize-fighter and the lower limbs of a jockey), whereas the modern athlete is long in the leg because modern games are nearly all running about. Aesthetically, these changes are of no more consequence than the black lungs of the coal-miner or the calloused hands of the blacksmith. Woman, as usual, presents a much more complicated problem, for she seems to be able to transform her physical characteristics at will.

If the frock-coated and silk-hatted man-about-town of the Edwardian epoch were to find himself transported, not by the slow passage of the years but by a wave of the magician's wand, into the present day, his first exclamation would be: 'What has become of all the Fine Women?' The Fine Woman of the Casino and Garden-Party Period was a very definite type—and she has vanished as completely as the dodo, to whom, with her pouter-pigeon chest, she bore a not very distant resemblance. She was, as I think Mr. Guedalla once expressed it, a figure-head of no mean ship, and it was like a vessel that she glided forward, the body thrust forward and backward in an S-shaped curve, her hand crooked high in welcome, her corsage dripping with cascades of lace, her hair built high upon her head, a cushion as it were, to receive the tiara. Over the closely-clipped lawn she advanced, through the 'Rooms' of Monte Carlo she glided, affable, smiling, majestic. She was a Fine Woman, but she has gone. If she lingers anywhere it is only behind the bar of some old-fashioned provincial hotel.

Surely it is not merely a matter of dressmaking that the women of 1906 should have enormous bosoms and the women of 1926 none at all; that the women of 1840 should have shoulders like burgundy bottles, the women of 1920 shoulders like claret bottles, and the women of 1940 shoulders like gin bottles. The æsthetic-erotic ideal which in the nineteen-thirties found its embodiment in Greto Garbo would have been considered a monstrosity in almost any other age. To admire a woman for her square shoulders and narrow hips would have seemed purely pathological to almost any of our forefathers. Yet what they admired was sometimes equally strange, and it might

be interesting to consider some of the shapes which the protean companion of man has assumed in her progress through the ages.

Primitive man was, of necessity, intensely practical. It is only when the struggle for existence becomes less severe that æsthetic considerations separate themselves from more obvious needs. Even the exquisite cave-paintings which have come down to us from the Stone Age were probably magical in intention and only incidentally works of art. The most primitive sculpture was almost certainly an amulet, and so when we find the female form carved by primitive man we find something which may or may not represent his ideal of the woman to be wooed, but which certainly represents his longing for a numerous progeny. In a word, such primitive female figures were immensely fat. They were symbols of fecundity and as remote as possible from the feminine ideals of later ages.

**Nefertiti**

No one could call the Egyptian woman, as she is portrayed in the wall-paintings, a symbol of fecundity. Indeed, she is not very far removed, with her long legs and narrow hips, from the modern type. She had small breasts, square shoulders (an effect increased, perhaps, by the Egyptian inability to cope with perspective, so that the shoulders are shown square when the rest of the body is represented as moving sideways), a long neck and a very small head. In the famous head of Nefertiti in the Berlin Museum, the head is shown elongated as if by wilful distortion in childhood. Apart from this, the Egyptian woman is probably the nearest in physical type to the ideal of to-day of any in the whole of history. Nevertheless, approval is not universal. I was sitting recently in the tube train opposite an advertisement which reproduced the famous limestone head with the slogan 'Charm and Beauty'. 'Charm and Beauty!' exclaimed a charwoman seated next to me, 'I think she is 'orrible.'

**In Ancient Greece**

My friend in the tube would presumably have approved more strongly of the classical Greek ideal. This, as we may judge from the innumerable examples of sculpture which have come down to us either as originals or as close copies, was of a woman noble in proportion even to the point of heaviness. She was tall—'divinely tall and most divinely fair'. She had large feet and ample thighs, without, however, any of the rounded plumpness which was to be admired later. The hips were broad, as became the mother of heroes. There was no waist, but the breasts were not heavy. The head was set firmly on a neck which could, without absurdity, be compared to a marble column. Such a figure was well suited to set off the draperies which were the Greeks' substitute for dressmaking. Anyone who cares to do so can reconstruct almost any Greek female costume with a length of cord and a couple of sheets off his own bed.

Very different was the Cretan ideal, which, with its flounced skirts and pinched-in waist, bears the oddest resemblance to the fashions of the early eighteen-seventies. Indeed, the only difference is that the Cretans, instead of a square-cut *décolletage*, exposed the breasts completely.

Top left: *Stone Age cave painting.* Right: *A Tanagra statuette*
Centre: *Nefertiti; Venus de Milo; A Botticelli lady.*
Below: *A Titian Diva; 1940.*

That the classical ideal did not persist in life as long as it persisted in Greco-Roman sculpture is revealed by the exquisite little Tanagra statuettes. These, which were later to inspire Whistler and others, were the very embodiment of the *petite femme*. The Tanagra woman is small, slim and piquant—a Parisienne of the Guérin period strayed by chance into the Hellenistic world. Clothed in diaphanous garments — miraculously rendered in the yielding clay—she dances still a measure which is not very far from being a can-can. The models, no doubt, were not the respectable matrons of Athens and Alexandria, but the temple harlots of Corinth and the dancing girls of Mitylene. But that they found so complete an expression in art promotes them at once to the rank of a period ideal.

**Madonnas and Elephants**

The Roman matron was an echo of the Greek. The Byzantine Empress was an idol, so bedizened with jewellery and, as it were, solidified by hieratic garments stiff with gold, that it is almost impossible to obtain any idea of the woman underneath. Then the long night falls and we have no material for judging until Gothic sculpture is almost approaching its decline. Even then we cannot quite be sure how much of the odd form of the women who deck the west front of the great cathedrals was due to the actual physical ideal of the period or to the mannerisms of artists who still thought in almost purely architectural forms. Even the supple, bending grace of the ivory madonnas was probably due to the natural curvature of the elephant's tusk rather than to any accepted ideal of feminine grace.

With the rise of the great Italian school of painting, in the second half of the fifteenth century, material suddenly becomes abundant, and we are able to talk of feminine types without any risk of being misunderstood. The Botticelli ideal was, and remains, a very beautiful one, much nearer to the taste of modern times than many which have come after it. The long legs, the willowy grace, the small breasts, the slender neck bending as if over-weighted by the flower-like head—who has not noted and admired them in a dozen famous paintings?

**Titian's Blondes**

The strange thing is that this ideal did not last. If we pass from Spring to Summer, from the Early Renaissance to the High Renaissance, we enter another world, the world of Titian, inhabited by women who are blonde still and graceful still, but much more ample than their Florentine sisters of a generation before. The woman—probably founded upon the contemporary Venetian courtesan—whom Titian loved to paint was a creature of ample curves and imperial shoulders. Her thighs were full, and if she seemed tall it was only because she wore bottines on her feet with soles a foot high. Her own legs were short. Indeed, it was this period which gave birth to the Spanish proverb, which, listing the desirable qualities of woman, insisted upon shortness of leg as an essential beauty.

In the second half of the sixteenth century, woman, as in the Byzantine period, was once more smothered in her own fashionable appurtenances, deformed by a farthingale, transfigured by a ruff. What nudes the painters show us are slender, having, as their only peculiarity, a violently protruding abdomen and excessively narrow and sloping shoulders. With Rubens we arrive once more at an easily recognisable period type, although the great

painter, and all his contemporaries, would certainly have been astonished to think that 'Rubenesque', when applied to a woman, might one day be a doubtful compliment. There is no burking the fact that the women of this period were fat.

Vandyke refined somewhat on this ideal, Lely polished and manicured it, Watteau melted away the too, too solid flesh. With Boucher we reach a different type of woman altogether—the first *petite femme* since the Tanagra statuettes. The creators of the *estampes galantes* multiplied her into a thousand replicas and Greuze brought in a new seduction when he thought of crowning the piquant body with the innocent face of a child.

**The 'New' Woman**

Then with the Revolution the classical ideal returns once more, and lasts until the Restoration of the Bourbons. The Romantic Woman needs an article, nay, a treatise, to herself, for this was, perhaps, the first time in history when ill-health has been admired for its own sake and to be pale and dying of consumption had actually an erotic appeal. We reach sanity (a particular brand of male sanity) again with what for want of a better name we may call the Early Victorian type. The ideal was to be small, with extremely sloping shoulders, narrow waist, wide hips and feet so tiny that they could be compared without absurdity to 'little mice', peeping in and out beneath the folds of the ample skirt.

The 'eighties gave us the New Woman, who was not always a mannish atrocity, but often a fine, tall, athletic girl such as can be seen in the drawings of George du Maurier. She was small bosomed but wide hipped, and the fashions of the period did their best to make the hips look wider still by means of cross-draperies. She merges into the full-bosomed type of the beginning of the twentieth century, the Fine Woman whose absence from the modern scene we have already remarked.

The Casino and Garden-Party Period, however, came to an end about 1910; about the time, in fact, of the death of King Edward VII, and the type which had moved with such regal splendour through it gave place to another kind of woman, all softness and oriental curves, with loose, clinging draperies and a passion for the Russian ballet and the toilettes of Paul Poiret. Then came the War and its aftermath, and the Emancipated Flapper which was its immediate consequence.

Once again a small woman, although some old-fashioned critics doubted whether she could be called a woman at all when she took so many pains to deprive herself of all the obvious feminine characteristics. Her hips were narrow, her bust small to the point of non-existence, and she cut off her crowning glory and was positively proud of looking like an Eton boy playing truant. She did not disappear until the early 'thirties, and then only to give place to an older and more sophisticated sister.

**Eve's Eternal Charm**

Had the second World War not intervened, that sister, if I read the signs aright, was well on her way to a New Victorianism, but that tendency will undoubtedly be reversed in the years before us.

The amazing thing is that Woman, throughout all these changes, continues to attract. Perhaps, after all, it is men who unwittingly impose these changes, creating in every age a female partner who is nothing else but the image of their own desire.

# JAPAN DROPS THE MASK

BY H. J. TIMPERLEY

*In the Japanese 'New Order' may be seen the counterpart of the Nazi creed, and Mr. Timperley, formerly China Correspondent of the* Manchester Guardian, *holds that we must be prepared to fight for freedom in the Far East with the same tenacity as we are fighting for it in Europe.*

THE action of Japan in signing a tripartite pact with Britain's enemies has cleared the air in the Far East. If any additional evidence of her intentions were needed it has been furnished by Foreign Minister Matsuoka's open threat that Japan will declare war upon the United States if that nation enters the European conflict or insists on the preservation of the *status quo* in the Pacific.

Whether or not America will enter the war in Europe is problematical, although there is every reason to expect that one result of the signing of the pact will be an increase of American aid to Britain. What can be written down as a certainty, however, is that America will continue to insist upon the preservation of the *status quo* in the Pacific, where she can no more tolerate a Japanese hegemony than we can stomach the Nazification of Europe. Hence, if Mr. Matsuoka's declaration is to be taken at its face value, war between Japan and America is inevitable—and that obviously means war between Japan and ourselves.

Actually, the German-Italo-Japanese pact has merely hastened a development that most Far Eastern observers have long foreseen. For the past decade or

two the Japanese have felt in their heart of hearts that sooner or later there must be a showdown between themselves and the United States, towards whom they have a mixed feeling of envy, hatred, and fear. And American naval men have long regarded Japan as the potential enemy against whom their strategy must be directed.

It is high time that our British statesmen put aside the rose-tinted spectacles through which most of them have insisted upon viewing Japan and looked the facts squarely in the face. They will then find that they are up against precisely the same sort of proposition that confronts us in the case of Germany—namely, a nation whose rulers are suffering from a paranoic urge towards world domination against which only superior force can hope to prevail.

The Japanese governing classes adopted centuries ago the process of mass regimentation which Hitler began quite recently. They discovered that the people, by and large, were stupid and gullible, and they proceeded to exploit them to the limit. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Shinto was revived for the purpose of introducing a cult of Emperor-worship, and in recent times a non-existent code of chivalry known as Bushido was invented with the object of exalting the warlike virtues and extolling the blessings of obedience.

**Nazism: Japanese Style**

Successive generations of Japanese have been brought up to believe that to live and, still better, to die for the Emperor is the very essence and end of life. Substitute 'State' for 'Emperor' and Nippon Damashii, or the Spirit of Japan, becomes indistinguishable from the Nazi creed.

It is commonly supposed, by that large majority of people for whom Japanese history begins with the Meiji Restoration in 1868, that Japanese expansionism dates from some time after the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse. It is suggested that in imitating the industrialisation of the Occidental nations, who rudely forced their attentions upon her, Japan found it necessary to imitate also the methods by which those nations had secured for themselves Lebensraum abroad. A study of Far Eastern history shows, however, that this charitable assumption will not hold water. The fact is that Japanese expansionism, in one form or another, may be traced back for at least seven centuries.

**Empire in the Making**

There is abundant evidence to show that Japanese pirates roved the China Sea from about the year 1260 until they began to be displaced by a more formal type of adventurer three centuries later. By the end of the sixteenth century the Japanese had established settlements at widely distributed points in Southern Asia, competing for a foothold with the Chinese, Portuguese and Spaniards, by all of whom they were regarded with deep distrust.

In 1582, the Philippine Islands were invaded by a flotilla of twenty-six ships under a Japanese pirate chief, named Taifusa. The invaders were beaten off after a fierce battle, but thereafter the Spaniards, who owned the islands at that time, lived in terror of the Japanese adventurers and devoted much time and effort to building strong fortifications against them.

It is interesting to find that in 1940—three-and-a-half centuries later—the defence of the Philippines against a possible Japanese attack is still an acute problem.

In Siam, the Japanese won for themselves so strong a position that by the end of the seventeenth century there were 8,000 of them residing in the country. Some of the Japanese leaders became powerful figures in the domestic politics of Siam and at least two married royal princesses. Japanese held high positions at court and for a time the royal Siamese bodyguard was composed of Japanese soldiers of fortune. There is evidence, too, of Japanese settlement in Java during the sixteenth century, and numbers of Japanese emigrated also to Cambodia.

**17th-Century Isolationists**

Thus three-and-a-half centuries ago the Japanese were well on the way to securing for themselves the kind of position in the Southern Pacific which they now covet. What happened to these footholds which might in time have been welded into an overseas empire of respectable proportions? When the great Hideyoshi, who had attempted unsuccessfully to conquer Korea, died in 1598, he was succeeded by Tokugawa Iyeyaysu, who foresaw the danger of Japan's being invaded in turn and therefore decided upon a policy of careful isolation from foreign contacts. Japanese ships were prohibited from going abroad and Japanese residing overseas were forbidden to return to Japan.

Thus a halt was called to expansionist activities, and the widely scattered Japanese settlements in the Southern Pacific area gradually disappeared.

But the expansionist spirit did not die out altogether during the two-and-a-half centuries of seclusion under the Tokugawa rule. It remained dormant and was fanned into fresh activity by the revival of Shintoism which took place towards the end of the seventeenth century. From this revival there sprang an imperialist movement which was in full flower by the time Commodore Perry's fleet arrived on the scene in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The protagonists of this movement advocated a programme of foreign conquest, including the seizure of Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, Saghalien, Kamchatka, and Eastern Siberia. Some even advocated that Japan should seek to acquire territories as far afield as South America and India. None of them lived to see the successful launching of the expansionist movement they did so much to inspire, but their ideas continue still to influence Japanese statesmen and military leaders.

By one means or another, much of this ambitious programme has already been accomplished. At first modern Japan's predatory activities were confined largely to the Asiatic mainland, but the outbreak of the world war in 1914 opened up an opportunity for maritime expansion, and she was quick to take advantage of it. At the Versailles Conference Japan put in a successful bid for control of the Mariana, Marshall, and Caroline Islands, which lie directly across the sea routes from the American mainland and Hawaii to the Philippines and China, and thus constitute one of the most important strategic areas in the South Seas.

**Institute of the Pacific**

Twenty years later, in the course of the Sino-Japanese hostilities, she was able to acquire another useful foothold by occupying, in the face of half-hearted Anglo-French protests, the island of Hainan, which commands the approaches to French Indo-China.

When war broke out in Europe for a second time, Japan lost no time in preparing to take advantage of it. In

November 1939, a body called the Institute of the Pacific was formed, with influential backing, to organise Japanese opinion in readiness for opportunities which the European conflict was expected to provide.

The Institute claimed a preferential position for Japan in Burma, Indo-China, and the Dutch East Indies. Its official magazine pointed out that the European war presented a golden opportunity to rectify the 'unjust distribution' of natural resources in the South Seas. It claimed that access to these resources was indispensable 'in order to complete Japan's continental policy and to make the New Order self-sufficient'.

When the collapse of Holland and France came in the early summer, Japan began at once to apply strong pressure upon Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies. The former has already succumbed, and there is little doubt that neighbouring Siam will shortly be taking its orders from Tokyo, if it is not in fact doing so already. Thus Japan will soon be at the borders of Burma, the vital link between India and the Federated Malay States.

**Espionage**

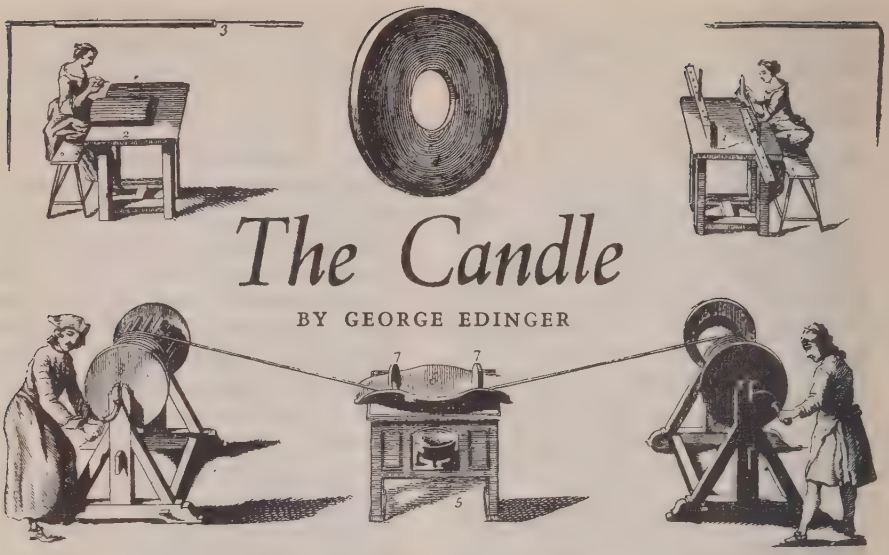
As a whole, and particularly among the Shans, the Burmese are a culturally backward people and the prevailing ignorance makes them a ready prey to Japanese intrigues. During the past fifteen years or so Japan has succeeded in establishing in Burma an elaborate espionage system, working through small business men, photographers, pharmacists and the like, whom the Japanese Government has provided with the requisite capital to open up establishments in the particular regions assigned to them. This is but one link in a widespread network which covers India to the West and the Malay States to the North. Its twofold object is to ascertain the strength and distribution of the British forces and to work up an anti-British and pro-Japanese sentiment.

**The Same Fight for Freedom**

It is clear that the Japanese have much more in common with the Nazis than a common hatred of America. They have the same mystical belief in their 'manifest destiny', as a super-race, the same determination to establish themselves at the head of a group of slave states, and they have adopted much the same methods to gain their ends. The so-called 'New Order' which the Japanese are seeking to establish in East Asia is no more compatible with Anglo-American ideals than is Hitlerism in Europe. It is all a part of the same great struggle, and we must be prepared to fight for freedom in the Far East with the same tenacity as we are fighting for it in Europe.

In that fight we can have one-third of the world's population—the peoples of China and India—as our allies if we will. But we must recognise that the best possible guarantee against the establishment of a Japanese hegemony in the Far East is a free and independent China, and we must begin without delay to give the Chinese that whole-hearted measure of support which our shortsighted Far Eastern policy has hitherto withheld from them.

The first step in this direction should be the immediate imposition of an embargo upon the export to Japan from the British Empire of all essential war supplies. It would be criminally negligent to go on helping Japan to pile up reserves of iron ore, cotton, wool, rubber and, more particularly, oil for use against the United States and ourselves when the showdown comes.



# The Candle

BY GEORGE EDINGER

*Candlemaking in the 18th century*

When King Alfred the Great wanted to know the time he used to consult a candle. The candle burned for four hours, and five others made from beeswax were brought to his palace every day so that the twenty-four hours were covered completely. The idea did not work out well because the palace of the Kings of Wessex was a draughty place, and the wind kept blowing so that the candle flame, burning now fast, now slow, refused, with Anglo-Saxon stubbornness, to assume the correct length at the proper time of day. Not till the King had built a horn lantern round it, like those still used in parts of Suffolk, did it burn down regularly as he had planned.

Now, there are many experts who argue that King Alfred never burnt a candle to mark the time any more than he burnt the cakes, because he forgot to mark it. Personally, I am convinced that he did burn both; the cakes, because nobody is likely to have invented such a good story if it never happened, or to have forgotten it if it did, and it only needs twenty-five grandfathers to tell their children about the cakes to carry us from King Alfred's day to our own; the candle, because there was a peculiar ritual significance about candles for the Anglo-Saxons.

They burnt a giant one every Christmas. It was a symbol of the destruction of all past misfortunes; starting the New Year afresh as we start it with our First of January resolutions. Their Yuletide candle burned on through the twilight of their Nordic gods till it took its place on our Christmas tree, although that was brought over by Prince Albert in the nineteenth century and not by King Alfred in the ninth.

The Saxons never invented the candle. That is attributed to the Phœnicians, probably because they were the first people about whom we know any facts at all, and it saves a lot of trouble to say they invented everything that we do not definitely know to have been discovered by anybody else. But a candle does not need much discovering.

As soon as the primeval man noticed that the fire he burned for warmth also brought him light, he devised the torch by carrying a flaming faggot from one cave into the next. Immediately he discovered that a faggot rich in resin burned better than a dry one, he started making lights by dipping rushes in animal fat.

The rush was the first wick and the fat was the first candle.

Tallow candles were certainly used in ancient Egypt. They are as old as the Pyramids. Yet we still measure our units of light in candle-power.

### Wax and Tallow

All the early candles were made of beeswax or tallow (animal fat). There was always a distinction between wax and tallow candles. The makers were banded in separate guilds in mediæval Europe, and the City of London still has its wax-chandlers and its tallow-chandlers.

In the eighteenth century men sailed for Greenland to trap the whale for his fat to make candle-grease. They called it spermaceti. Then paraffin wax was used, and to-day candles are made principally from coconut fat, though there are many other compounds in it that are packed about the wick of cotton yarn at its centre, a wick that needs no trimming, so cunningly has it been made by machinery.

The Saxons were not the only people who attached a mystic meaning to the candle. Assyrians used to set candles by the bodies of their dead. It was not only to light them through the darkness of the next world. It was also a token of hope that such a world did, indeed, exist. The candle flame always burns symbolic of man's eternal faith. That is why it was carried by the robed penitents, who expiated their sins tramping the roads of mediæval Europe. That, too, is why wax candles are set before the shrines of saints, such as the candle that men who have lost a loved possession light to St. Anthony of Padua.

### The Mystic Seven

It was not always like that. The Early Christians scoffed at the candles that Rome burned to her gods since they held it foolish to offer lights to the Giver of all Light. But in time the Church adopted what it could not destroy. First seven candles, symbolic of the seven Churches of Asia, were carried in its processions and set upon its altars. Then the number grew till the Protestant Reformers cried out against the candle just as the Early Christians had done.

The part that the candle has played in the story of the Church is perhaps better appreciated when we reflect upon the monastery cells than when we are dazzled by the altar lights. For it was by the light of candles that the monks copied out the manuscripts of the Bible and the works of Virgil and Homer and all those classic writers who, surviving the Dark Ages of destruction after the break-up of Rome, handed on the civilisation of the ancient world into the world that rose at last out of its ruins.

But it is not only monks who have written by candle-light. It was by the

flame of a candle that Dante penned his Divine Comedy while the tallow ran down upon the manuscript like the tears that coursed down his cheeks at the thought of his weary refugee life, climbing other men's staircases.

It was by candle-light that Shakespeare sat writing his plays and by candle-light they were performed. When the Long Parliament sent out for candles it was the sign of a grim determination to debate the King's measures to the very end. It was by candle-light that men stood up to drink the King over the Water. By candle-light on green baize tables men have played their fortunes away even while they fretted whether the game was worth the candle.

**Enter the Paraffin Lamp**

Clustered candles twinkling in cut glass chandeliers shone upon the brocades, the silks and the gems of eighteenth-century France. By candle-light Beethoven set down the score of his symphonies, mercifully deaf to Napoleon's guns that pounded away without upsetting the harmonies in the composer's brain. And when, on the eve of the discovery of paraffin that made it cheaper to burn lamps in every home, in the place of candles the crinolines swung by candle-light in the last polka through the plantation houses of old Virginia, there was a strangely wistful symbolism in the guttering candle flames that foretold the fall of the Southern States and all for which they stood, now that the practical Yankee lamp was to oust the graceful candle.

Goethe used to say that the greatest benefactor of mankind would one day discover a candle that would burn without being trimmed. By the time such a candle was discovered, gas had come and electricity was on its way.

No longer did Baedeker have to impress upon his readers that the charge for candles must be reckoned in and not added to the hotel-keeper's bill, a necessary warning since there were many innkeepers like the one at Prague who, in 1800, when Lord Nelson was putting up at his house, illuminated every window in honour of the hero so that he could reckon his candles in the Admiral's bill.

**Blacked Out**

All through the eighteenth century and half-way through the nineteenth, it was customary to greet celebrities and victories by putting candles in the windows. To-day, of course, we take candles out of the cottage window instead of putting them in it when the warden's whistle blows. Such are the changes that war brings.

But somehow the candle seems to outshine all the flames of war. It is still like a penitent's candle in the hand of tortured mankind. Because it lit the monk's cell, and the Flanders dug-out, where men could read by it their letters, their books, all those things that brought the hope of continuity and a return to those who fought with Philip Sidney and Marlborough and Wellington and Haig, it may truly be said that its inventor lit such a candle as should never be put out.

That phrase, that fell immortal from the lips of Bishop Latimer when he walked to the stake at Oxford, is symbolic of the very candle itself. Because the flame of it burning on has always stood for continuity and hope, it is a most fitting thing that we should light a candle at this Christmas season, so reminiscent of the Peace there was, so fraught with hope of the Peace there will be.

# Pity the Poor Measle

## by Professor J. B. S. HALDANE

*A Melbourne Doctor who has just published a book on the Natural History of Disease* is inclined to take a somewhat gloomy view of the future, but Professor Haldane, who here discusses his theories, is of a more optimistic turn of mind.*

MOST popular books on medicine tell you how to cure or avoid diseases —or so they claim. Dr. F. M. Burnet, although he draws some morals, is mostly concerned with the natural history of disease. An illness is something that happens, like a thunderstorm, a flood, an earthquake, or a fire. Our author is more concerned with discussing why it happens, and why it ends in death or recovery as the case may be, than in telling you what to do about it.

He does draw a few morals, and very odd some of them are, but don't buy his book as a supplement to your first-aid course. For Dr. Burnet has not only studied diseases of men and guinea pigs, but of bacteria also, though he doesn't tell us so in this book.

You didn't know bacteria fell ill, perhaps. Not all do, but some of them are very liable to disease. Dr. Burnet tells the sad tale of how thousands of millions of cholera bacilli may be wiped out in one night, and what might have been a promising epidemic nipped in the bud, by something called a bacteriophage, which is less than a thousandth of the size of a cholera bacillus. He has studied the bacteriophage, and perhaps this is what makes him so impartial between man and his microbic enemies.

After all we eat sheep which eat grass, so it is only natural that something should eat us. And as we have killed off lions, tigers, and bears, it has to be something small. He goes on to describe our little foes, and how each of us eats the other. 'I never lunch on bacteria', did you say? Oh, yes, you do. In most cases where you get the best of an infection such as a sore throat, you do it by employing countless millions of phagocytes, which are cells in your body, to eat the bacteria concerned. You go to enormous trouble to prepare suitable chemicals to smear on your enemies so as to make them palatable. These are among the group of substances called antibodies, and immunity to a disease consists largely in having some of the right antibody in the blood, and plant laid down for making more when called on.

Dr. Burnet gives a very good description of protozoa, the smallest animals, which cause malaria, African sleeping sickness, and some other tropical disease, such as kala azar.

He also describes bacteria, which

**The Biological Aspect of Infectious Disease.* Cambridge University Press.

cause a great many more diseases, very well. But some people will quarrel with his account of viruses, the agents which are so small that most of them cannot be seen even with a microscope, and go through filters which stop bacteria. They are responsible for air-borne diseases such as influenza, common colds, smallpox, measles, chicken-pox, and mumps, besides some others such as hydrophobia, infantile paralysis, and warts. His statement that they can never be grown except inside living cells is not quite correct. At least one virus grows in sewage.

**Whence come the Viruses?**

Dr. Burnet lists three theories of the origin of viruses. He prefers to think that they are degenerate descendants of bacteria. Another theory is that they are primitive living beings which have never evolved even into bacteria or cells of any kind. Still a third is that they are parts of the machinery, so to speak, of human or animal cells, which have got loose but kept the power of reproduction. He does not state the evidence for this view very fully.

Perhaps the most striking is as follows. Herpes is a fairly common disease, whose symptoms are little watery pimples, particularly on the lips. If the fluid from these is filtered so as to stop bacteria, and injected under the skin, herpes starts either on another part of the same man, or on another man. The fluid from the new eruption will start it again, and so on indefinitely. In fact, herpes is due to a virus. But it does not always arise from other cases of herpes. Pneumonia, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and other severe diseases, often start an attack of herpes. And the virus so formed will give herpes to other people. As several different diseases will liberate it, it is more likely to be part of a human cell than of a bacterium.

Dr. Burnet does not mention two other theories. Some people have thought that viruses are carried through space from other stars by the pressure of light. This is unlikely, as they would almost certainly be killed by ultra-violet rays from the sun which the air screens off from ourselves. Others think that viruses arise on earth by the same unknown processes which first gave rise to life more than a thousand million years ago. I confess to a sneaking regard for this last theory.

He goes on to deal in detail with our defences against infection, and how they sometimes break down and let bacteria or viruses through. Some manage to get into a normally sheltered region of the body, as when the womb is infected in puerperal fever. Others protect themselves with armour, like tanks. The dangerous varieties of *Pneumococcus*, which sometimes cause pneumonia, have an armour of gum; the tubercle bacillus has an armour of wax.

**Feed or Starve?**

But the most important element in determining whether the patient will live is his own state. In most cases undernourishment seems to open the gates to infection. But in foot-and-mouth disease, and, perhaps, in infantile paralysis, bad nourishment seems to make for immunity.

Even more important than nourishment is immunisation by a previous infection, either with the same parasite, or by one so like it that the same antibodies will give protection against both.

Dr. Burnet produces some evidence for the rather remarkable theory that, though children are more easily infected than adults, the result of most

infections is much less serious for them. Not, of course, for babies. It seems to be a fairly general rule that when a new disease strikes a community the babies under two years are badly affected, the children from two to fifteen years least so, young adults most of all, and older people rather more mildly.

Dr. Burnet thinks that the young adult is very good at dealing with local infections such as boils and dirty wounds, but reacts too strongly to a general infection, and may kill himself.

The chapter on the age-incidence of infectious diseases is one of the most interesting in the book. In the eighteenth century, when smallpox was constantly present in England, most of the cases were in children under five. In Sydney in 1913 to 1915, most of the cases among unvaccinated people were between fifteen and thirty.

Neither rabid vaccinationists nor anti-vaccinationists will like the account of smallpox. Like the majority of people who have studied the statistics of the problem, Dr. Burnet believes that vaccination gives substantial, but far from complete, protection against smallpox. But he also thinks that the decline in the death-rate from this disease is largely due to something else, probably a change in the virus.

**What Prevents Smallpox?**

Certainly other infectious agents have changed. The diphtheria bacillus, after behaving fairly mildly for a generation or so, suddenly began to kill a large fraction of those infected, even when they were treated with antitoxins, though very rarely when they had been immunised beforehand. This was attributed to the sudden appearance of a new type of bacillus, which penetrates the tissues more easily than the older type.

If this theory is true, as I think it is, it makes mincemeat of a good many of the arguments for vaccination and diphtheria antitoxin. The decline in death-rates, both from smallpox and diphtheria, has often been put down to these remedies. Actually it was probably due to evolution of the bacteria and viruses.

Dr. Burnet's hopes for the future are not very bright. He points out that most of the epidemic diseases of the last few decades affect the nervous system. They include infantile paralysis, lethargic encephalitis or sleepy sickness, and the grim 'X disease' in Australia. He has little hope of extinguishing other diseases.

**Fewer Diseases Ahead?**

He is probably right where there is a reservoir of disease among wild animals, such as the yellow fever virus in South American monkeys. But he may be unduly gloomy about purely human diseases, such as measles and diphtheria. And yet he points out that Australia is wholly free from plague, cholera, smallpox, and rabies. Cholera and smallpox, at least, could be extinguished from the whole globe. And his political theories lead him to think that if India or Africa were cleared of disease their populations would increase so fast as to lead to wars. As, however, he puts down war 'to unresolved psychological tangles', on another page, his politics may not be quite so sound as his biology.

I believe that we can look forward to a sane world organisation within the next century, and that one of its first tasks will be the abolition of a large number of diseases, and of their insect carriers, such as bugs, fleas, and lice. But then my political views make for optimism, even while bombs are falling on London.

# I was Interned

## by S. J. CHAROUX

*One factor in a victorious outcome of the war must be a wise and generous treatment of our refugees. So far, that treatment has been neither wise nor generous. The author of this article is an Austrian artist who found rebirth and freedom in England. In gratitude he wished to help us. We preferred to intern him.*

I AM a sculptor. I was born an Austrian and had my place amongst the company of Viennese Socialists who were famous because they built suburbs and made a life that was both socialistic and beautiful.

Dollfuss came in Austria and Hitler in Germany. Our work was undone and our hopes flattened. I came to England, where I found a life in which freedom for the individual, such as I had never known, was as established a fact as the water supply.

Never had I been so happy or worked so well—I had a studio first in Hammersmith, then in Kensington. My figures were even accepted by the Royal Academy.

Then the Hitler cloud broke. I offered my services to the country and would have ardently fulfilled any humble task I had been given.

I was interned.

After the British Ambassador at the Hague returned and spoke bitterly from the B.B.C. that all Englishmen must distrust their German friends I knew that my freedom wouldn't last long. So I packed a suitcase and because I had read in the papers how well the internees were to be treated I put beside it my tennis racquet.

The Battle of Hampstead began. One after the other my refugee acquaintances were taken prisoner. Anxious telephone calls were exchanged. 'Still here? Perhaps they aren't taking all of us.' I waited. I couldn't work. My hopes began to revive—perhaps they realised what a friend of Britain I was. Sharp knocks at the door one morning finished my hopes.

There they were. Two plain-clothes policemen. Half an hour to clear up my free life and then I found myself waiting in a despondent herd at the police station. Police vans took us across London to an empty school where we were handed over to the Army. I was at first glad. I had always preferred soldiers to policemen.

This time I was wrong. They took us to a race-course surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence. We were treated like prisoners of war—no, worse than that. Our trunks were searched and we were then searched bodily. It was all carried out with shouting, ordering and dull coarseness, as if we were proved criminals.

I was mortally hurt by this treatment. By coming to England I rectified the geographical accident of my birth. I



*Charoux did this self-portrait while in concentration camp with the aid of*

came to England because I hated militarism and concentration camps.

The soldiers kept us constantly on the move. We were all made to pick up cigarette ends and clear out lavatories. The food was very poor and we had to eat it sitting on the floor holding the tin plates on our knees because there were no benches. There was no water to wash the plates so we had to clean them with sand.

**On the Race-course**

Occasionally there was a sign that our guards regretted these conditions. I was doing some gardening supervised by an officer. Maybe he received my thought-waves of despair. He cleared his throat and asked my bent figure awkwardly, 'Are you interested in horse-racing?' Under these circumstances the question seemed to me a classic.

At night, sleeping amongst huddled figures on the floor of the office at which people who are interested in racing usually buy their tickets, I thought over the rights and wrongs of my situation. I could not accept the formula that if only one in a thousand of us was an agent of Hitler our internment was justified. This formula would justify interning the whole British nation. (I might add that I was never able to find a single Nazi sympathiser in the camp—a few anti-Semitics only, but they exist amongst British passport-holders, too.)

Though my sense of justice revolted against the way our internment was managed, I accepted my loss of freedom as just by the following argument: we emigrés would never be allowed to fight for Britain: as the British must do the fighting, they were entitled to organise their terrain ruthlessly; if the streets had to be cleared I had no right to demand freedom. With this argument I balanced my mind.

After a few days, in which panic rumours that we might be deported to Canada or Australia kept us restless, we were travelled to a disused cotton mill in Lancashire.

The building was derelict and filthy. Most of the windows were broken. Our living rooms were littered with rubbish no one bothered to clear away. The lavatories, forty for 2,000 people, were in rows in the open.

But our treatment was better than at the race-course. The prisoners began to settle down. Professors from Oxford and Cambridge gave talks on their subjects to small circles. Some of the young men started singing clubs. A few actors gave a variety show.

One day it was announced that in the morning seven hundred of us, of which I was one, would leave by ship. No one knew where to. One old man, who was to be parted from his son, collapsed after yelling as I had never heard a human-being yell before.

We were put on a ship in Liverpool and told we would be landed at the Isle of Man that evening. But evening came on and the ship hadn't moved.

**Aboard Ship**

All the cabins and saloons on the ship were reserved for the officers and men. The seven hundred internees settled themselves all over the rest of the ship. When night came, people were stepping on each others' faces and bodies.

I was ill. The previous day we had had fish at the Mill which was rotten. Before the authorities decided it was too bad to be eaten and substituted cheese for it I had eaten the stuff. My temperature was rising. I took no more interest in my surroundings. Apathetic I lay on deck with steady rain falling.

One of the other internees saw how ill I was, got me a place under cover and looked for the doctor. I was taken below deck to the doctor's place. He had no medicaments, not even a thermometer. You could have cooked a steak over my body. I only wanted a drink. But there were many resourceful people not sick at all who had talked their way into the doctor's place. They took all the tea.

The ship didn't move but the people did. They were getting hungry. Unable to show resentment to the authorities they started quarrelling and even fighting each other. A tug came alongside and loaves of bread and corned beef were handed up to them.

**In the Isle of Man**

Morning came without the ship having moved. At 7.0 a.m. she set off and after five hours we were landed and taken to our next camp. It was the best arranged we had been in. Funnily enough it made me really unhappy. It looked as though it had been built for twenty years.

The guards here clearly didn't like their work. Some even would buy chocolate for us in the town if we threw a coin through the barbed wire. We were taken for walks and allowed to swim. I stayed in the camp because the sight of hundreds of guarded men walking was too humiliating.

I have said that all my companions were genuine refugees from Nazi oppression. You can guess that I think it is a waste of money and a disgraceful business to lock such people up.

Amongst these persecuted emigrants from Germany I met some of the finest men I have ever met in my life—a world-famous archæologist who taught me things I had never known, a philologist who read us Homer's verse in Greek, translated and explained the Odyssey. There was Wellesz, the composer, who besides Haydn is the only foreign composer to become an honorary Doctor of the University of Oxford; artists like Wiessenborn, Dirnhuber, Ehrlich, Uhlman, Krämer and many others. Some of our conversations in that barbed wire area exceeded in interest and beauty that which you could hear anywhere else. The camp gates should be flung open to those scholars and artists—and also to the nameless crowd of Hitler's victims who are idling in pointless misery.

Very small numbers were released while I was there. Their departure was an occasion for congratulation, but great gloom for those hundreds who saw no hope that their turn would ever come. My own release caused me great agitation and excitement. I raised my head again, but diffidently. My state of mind can be judged by this episode.

**Freedom**

When returning in the ship a free man, I badly wanted to get away from the others who were released at the same time, as I had a great craving for privacy. I went to buy a first-class ticket. But there sat uniformed officers. Would they do something against me? My heart failed and it required all my courage to enter their saloon.

For the last two hours I stood on deck staring over the sea towards England. Then I saw her—not her earth but her breathing. On the horizon was the haze of ships steaming in and out of Liverpool harbour. England blockaded? Then Liverpool itself, boiling with energy, trembling with work. We enter the Mersey. England opens her arms to receive me. I am allowed to love her again.

# Our Oldest Ally

## by JOHN GAUNT

*A first-hand account of current feeling in Portugal together with a close-up of Dr. Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar, the Premier, who exercises power but shuns the limelight.*

A SMALL country—not much larger than Scotland—finds herself the centre of the world's regard. This small country is Portugal. She is a little flattered but a great deal more embarrassed by this attention. It is not an enviable position nowadays for a small country to excite the interest of warring belligerents.

Portugal represents a formidable leak in what the Germans regard as their 'Blockade of Britain'. So long as Portugal remains independent their twentieth-century 'Berlin Decrees' are inoperative. Britain, on the other hand, has in neutral Portugal a 'window' on to Western Europe. Through that window she can overhear what is being said and done in the dark lands that lie under Nazi domination—and through that window, too, she can make her own voice heard.

There are other reasons why Germany is taking such an interest in Portugal and why we must be prepared to counter her every move. Both by geography and politics Portugal is the key to Spain. If she is overrun by the Axis or forced fully into the Totalitarian camp, then Portugal's turn will not be far off.

But so long as Spain retains her independence there will be powerful influences brought to bear from Portugal to persuade her to keep out of a conflict from which she can gain nothing. Most powerful of these influences is that of Dr. Salazar himself.

This strange, shy, ascetic university don, who has done such remarkable things with his own country, has a great hold on the imagination of his neighbour soldier-dictator. Both are ex-Liberals, both are pious Catholics who wish their states to be run on the Christian Socialist model. Franco, the military technician, looks up to the intellectual pre-eminence of the scholar-statesman. So much so that when Spaniards wish to insult Franco they call him 'the Portuguese'.

Were the Axis to take Spain, however, and move on Portugal, we could not expect a strong resistance. Not only is the main line of advance on Lisbon from the Spanish frontier devoid of any natural obstacles, but the Portuguese armed forces are hopelessly unequipped. When I travelled north with President Carmona last June, during the Centenary Celebrations, his special train was escorted by a crack fighter squadron. The planes—whose formation flying, low over hot and bumpy country, was excellent—were Gipsy Moths! At times they gave one the impression of finding it difficult to keep up with the Presidential train!

Whose fault is this? Ours. It is just another one of our chickens coming home to roost. When the small countries, with clearer vision than Whitehall or Westminster, saw that only a strong man armed is a suitable householder when gangsters are about, and turned to us for help, we reassured them. Poland, Finland, Greece, Turkey, Rumania, Portugal—they all got plenty of promises about the things they most needed—planes, automatic weapons, medium artillery, and mechanised equipment. In some cases actual deliveries were made—just in time to fall into enemy hands—but Portuguese rearmament appears to have made little or no progress. That is why the Germans say they will 'take Portugal by telephone'.

Few people have stood up so well as the Portuguese to the pressure of German threats and German propaganda. It would be true to say that at least ninety per cent are pro-British—the pro-German element being confined to certain business circles, and individuals in the Army, Navy, and Youth Movement, who have either been bought outright by the Germans or have been flattered, cajoled or impressed by German military might.

The Press—largely owing to the timely visit, just before war began, of all its leading editors and writers to this country, as the guests of the British Council—has been staunchly pro-British throughout the war. It is typical of German methods that Germany has 'bought' one leading paper, from the proprietor to the office boys. Its circulation, of which 20,000 copies a day are 'for distribution' by the German Legation, deceives no one—not even the members of the staff, one of whom

'THE UNWILLING DICTATOR'

confided to me (echoing another newspaper editor in Warsaw two years ago), 'Don't worry. This will only last as long as the subsidy!'

We have further advantages. In no country has the work of the British Council been more successful or its Institutes and cultural activities proved more popular. About three thousand students a year learn English through the Lisbon Institute, and this number could be more than doubled if finance and accommodation permitted. That is a big annual Anglophil 'leavening' for a small country. In one class of twenty I saw in a row an admiral, a general, the local postman, a young priest and a coloured gentleman, the son of a chieftain in Mozambique, poring over their Shakespeares like so many schoolboys.

The Portuguese are a proud people. They can never forget that it was the

Portuguese who discovered three-quarters of the known globe, who sent out from their tiny nation (in one of those strange, unaccountable seminal periods in a people's history) men of unsurpassed courage, vision and administrative genius, who paved the way for other explorers when their own manhood, of which they had given so prodigally, had been exhausted.

This year has been one of peculiar significance for them. They have been celebrating the Double Centenaries—of the founding of the Portuguese Kingdom (with the help of English crusading knights) in 1140, and the restoration of Portugal's independence in 1640, after sixty years' captivity under Spain. Their great exhibition by the banks of the Tagus would in normal times have drawn crowds from over the world. As it is, it represents a heavy drain on the Portuguese Exchequer.

**Greatness Thrust on Him**

That Exchequer, like the Premiership, is in the hands of one of the most remarkable men of our time—Antonio Salazar, the shy, the unwilling dictator. Few men have had greatness so insistently thrust upon them, few have inherited a more unenviable task, few have made a greater success of it. For forty years before Salazar took over, Portugal was a byword for political corruption, for 'revolutions' and 'pronunciamentos'.

Then came a *coup d'état* by the military in 1926. It was bloodless. The country was fed up with the 'democratic' politicians whose talk of ideals merely represented their individual ideas of how best to feather their own nests. Unfortunately, the military leaders had no idea how to safeguard or bring into being the ideas that they and their countrymen knew to be right for Portugal. They brought from garrison duty at Evora the charming, kindly and competent son of an old peasant family—one General Carmona, and made him President, but then what? They had to have brains.

**Hatred of Headlines**

They found the brains in a university lecturer in Coimbra, that lovely Oxford - and - Cambridge - without - Nuffield rolled into one. Salazar lived simply in his rooms over queer, high, twisting Arthur Rackham Street. He hated politics and politicians—but he did know his economics. So Antonio Salazar came to town. He asked for a free hand. He got it.

He did things to Portugal's economy that had never been dreamt of before. He turned an endemic deficit into a surplus. He enforced honesty in officials to whom honesty was a remote and academic conception that one had read about in travellers' tales. He hated the headlines. Even when no one else could be found to take on the number one job in Portugal he hung back. He was not a dictator to posture on the balconies with uplifted arms. He laughed at their gestures and said so in so many words.

**Pro-British**

He almost went too far in his dislike of publicity. If it had not been for that first-class Portuguese journalist, who is his Minister of Propaganda and who bullied him into occasional public appearances and pronouncements, he might have found himself acutely unpopular through lack of understanding. As it is, he still prefers to remain in the background. He rules a country which, in spite of every blandishment, every threat, remains at heart thoroughly pro-British.

# Are We Escapists?

## by TOM HARRISSON

*There are some who accuse the people of this country of doping themselves with fantasy in times of crisis. Mass-Observation shows that now we have almost learnt to face those inexorable things, Facts.*

THE job of Mass-Observation, as of all social science, is first to record the present accurately, second to keep a trained eye on the future. At the present time the future is of particular interest, because *at present* life is not very pleasant. It has always been the argument of a certain type of politician and employer that the people who are having the worst time (*e.g.*, the very poor) make up for it by 'escape' from the present, by projecting their minds into a world of pleasant phantasies, of Joan Crawford and Buckingham Palace. Similarly, it has long been the argument of sceptics and several sorts of superior person, that the mass of people in bad times don't face up to the situation, but become more superstitious, less 'realistic'.

It is doubtful whether there has ever, in the history of Britain, been a time when more people have had to put up with more unpleasantness than we are putting up with this winter. There was never a greater chance and excuse for people to rationalise the bombed ugliness of to-day into a Utopia of to-morrow; never a better reason to think lovingly of the Spring and the daffodils, in order to get through the winter. This, surely, is a time when the escapist tendency should be operating at full blast. If, for instance, prayer is an escape, as many have said, this is a time when the church seats should be full and many men's trousers worn at the knee.

What is *really* happening?

It is clear, both from the work of our several units of whole-time investigators and our nation-wide panel of 2,000 voluntary observers, that peace-aims no longer arouse a major interest among most ordinary people, however much they may agitate an intelligent minority. More significant still, there is a definite decline in the *violence* of feeling about reprisals against Berlin, etc. The first effect of air-raids in any town is a violent demand to bomb the enemy back, but the long cascade of bombs over London has brought people a stage further, into a realisation, through first-hand experience, that this method is unlikely to do so much towards winning the war as had previously been supposed. This is important, because the main war-aim of a great many working people was to blast the enemy. Now even that seems in decline.

A survey of 'progressive societies', undertaken in late October, indicates that practically every progressive body has suffered a very serious falling off in the extent and enthusiasm of support. (Federal Union is one of the few reporting an increase.) Our regular church-counts in London and provincial towns show that, allowing for movements of population due to

evacuation, the number of people going to church on any one Sunday (usually about 1 in 10 of the population) probably slightly decreased. There has, however, been a tendency for those who in the past have only occasionally prayed, to do so when they *first* experience big air-raids; for instance, the following extracts from diaries kept by three people in different parts of the country:

*I heard German planes high up and found myself reciting the 23rd Psalm like a charm.*

*I say a prayer for all my people, and by the time I have gone round, I feel a degree of peace descend on me and I can sleep.*

*At tea a neighbour came in and told us how they brought a mattress down last night and slept downstairs; getting up and running to the cupboard under stairs when a bomb dropped. Their old father says his prayers and puts his trust in God.*

**Bombs on Religion**

Mass-Observation has no religious bias, though within the organisation most sects are represented. But one cannot help observing that on the whole it is the Roman Catholics and Anglo-Catholics who have most maintained their hold on their congregations, and that it is among the individual Catholic priests and followers that some of the finest acts of voluntary effort are to be found in the annals of blitzkrieged London. Even so, devout Catholics found their faith, their interest in the future, strained by Messrs. Messerschmitt and Heinkel. Here is a Catholic in a North-western town:

*I am an R.C. and believe in miracles and a life after death, if I didn't I would go mad. I am praying more devoutly and wholeheartedly. I have great faith in my Patrons—St. Teresa, 'The Little Flower', and St. Francis of Assisi. When raids on the North-west began it took me two or three weeks to get myself in hand. Every night I expected the end. Almost doubted God, life hereafter, Christianity and my ability to see it through.*

**Decline in Spiritualism**

It has often been said that spiritualism is the escape *par excellence*. Yet séance attendances have fallen heavily—afternoon ones, too. Here is a very keen spiritualist and amateur medium, who, until recently, has been providing us with the most detailed reports of spiritualist belief and activities; he lives in a violently raided, crowded area:

*The walls of the house rock . . . but it hasn't unnerved us. I used to believe that the courage of the people of this Island was a propaganda invention—if so, it has been successful propaganda.*

Here is his general attitude:

*Mental attitude has been affected (by the blitz)—tendency towards stagnation of creative effort. Normally I have always some scheme afoot—around the house—redesigning and improving the place generally. I feel less inclined to carry on with such efforts until it is all over. My small efforts of creation seem to be very tiny against this huge destructive force.*

*Generally I find myself forced to live from day to day, forgetting what has passed and not trying to think of what is to come. This seems to make time go very rapidly. I have, however, planted seeds for next Spring's vegetable crop and set about the flower side of the garden, which suggests a certain amount of future consideration.*

**Living in the Present**

Living *from day to day* is the commonest reaction to the events of this Autumn and Winter. For city dwellers, it is living *from night to night*. A vast proportion do this now with acceptance, determination and fatalism, a commonsense matter-of-fact courage.

It is not my place, as an analyst of

social processes, to pass moral judgments (if I can help it). But I suggest that all those who are concerned with the future might well concern themselves actively with this shortening horizon of the present. Such a shortening can hardly favour the progressive, or anyone who wants to see *mass* opinion (as opposed to merely 'informed opinion') supporting any sort of better future. On the other hand, this foreshortening favours the progressive in another way: it makes people more ready to forget about the *past.* Indeed, there never have been such uprooters of tradition as Incendiary and High Explosive. In a few nights these uninvited guests have made a major revolution in home and city life. They have undermined (and landmined) habits that had taken centuries to grow, to weave the intricate pattern of gossip, evening stroll, street-corner, pub-counter, Saturday outing and Sunday joint, which had come to represent the very essence and structure of British life. No wonder the sudden dislocation of these simple pleasures throws people's timing temporarily out of gear.

**How Do They Affect You?**

The wide scale of this dislocation is shown by our national panel of observers, answering the question: *How far and in what ways has your life been changed (if it has been changed) by air-raids?* These people live all over the country, many in remote villages, in Scotland, Ireland, the wilds of Wales. Yet only one in six claims that air-raids have not noticeably changed his or her life. The following is a preliminary analysis (mainly males) of the order of frequency with which they mention some aspects of their lives which have been affected (remember, many of them live in places yet unbombed):

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Sleeping Arrangements mentioned by* | 43 | *per cent* |
| *Social Calls and Private Leisure mentioned by* | 28 | ,, |
| *Transport Difficulties mentioned by* | 18 | ,, |
| *Work or Education mentioned by* | 16 | ,, |
| *Meals, drinks mentioned by* | 14 | ,, |
| *Entertainments (films, etc.) mentioned by* | 14 | ,, |
| *Family unity mentioned by* | 11 | ,, |
| *Shopping Habits mentioned by* | 9 | ,, |
| *Religion mentioned by* | 1 | ,, |

Many people notice that they have become more impatient, more concerned to use every minute of daytime, even if there is nothing special to use it for.

**Mustn't Be Kept Waiting**

A civil servant observes himself thus:

*The most definite thing I can say is that I have become excessively impatient; cannot bear, for instance, to be kept waiting a minute. That is, no doubt, bound up with the feeling of having to do everything as quickly as possible.*

The change in radio listening and, to a lesser extent, newspaper reading, is particularly noticeable. Our evidence suggests that although people are awake more hours, they are, in fact, doing *less* with their spare time. Some, of course, have less spare time anyway; but some have more. The recreations that involve going out or assembling in crowds have decreased. But so have the uses of private leisure, purely personal activities which can be carried on practically anywhere. Detailed observation in tubes and other communal shelters confirms data from those describing their own home sheltering; an extraordinary proportion of people *bring* a book or knitting, but don't use them at all. We

may expect, however, that gradually people will readapt themselves, and perhaps adopt new leisure pleasures for this new kind if life. But in doing this they are bound to need stimulation and encouragement if new uses of leisure are to be in any sense creative. In the big cities to-day a unique situation has arisen. The vast vested-interest propaganda for escapism is suddenly stilled. People are almost left alone, and the only people showing a keen interest in their evenings are Ellen Wilkinson, Herbert Morrison and Marshal Goering, whose interests may be vested, but certainly aren't escapist! Left to themselves, we find many people in a daze. But we certainly do *not* find them rushing off into some new kind of escapism, or even of idealism. Now they are thrown back on to their own resources. The evidence indicates that these resources are often inadequate. Perhaps, as a result, a new awarenesss of the need for dealing with leisure as a genuine social problem, like health or old age, may be awakened.

**Fewer Dreams**

We find millions of people in the phase reflected by this London woman, who writes:

*It seems impossible to plan ahead at all, and I intend to live from day to day. I very rarely dream—less than formerly, perhaps because I do not sleep so soundly. I have not had time to read anything but the daily paper and one or two weeklies and monthlies during the past two weeks . . . we hardly ever listen to the radio now, except to the news. There is no time during the day, and in the evening we are listening for the siren. We have occasionally put the radio on after the evening raid has begun, but then it is usually impossible to hear it properly. What little I have heard of the programme generally strikes me as sounding rather feeble, especially the jokes.*

From a housewife in a London suburb we get a picture of the more rosy type, though it isn't too rosy at that; she gives a clue to those finer feelings which are intensified by more violent war. In her simple words:

*Intensified air war has, I think, made us far more appreciative of the simpler things of life; we enjoy conversations snatched when we may with acquaintances, who, in former days, probably bored us because we had so much time to sit around and talk; we value the evenings spent in the family circle at home, which once would have bored us to tears; we see more in the daily journey to work, notice the beauty of the trees and the sky (except when the latter is 'raining death'), for who knows when the journey may be the last?*

And she goes on to describe how she dreams less, reads much less (*I cannot settle to read even a novel*), tries to listen to the radio more, but finds the B.B.C. unsatisfactory.

**Summing Up**

We may sum up by saying that ordinary people to-day and to-night are engrossed in making a job of living, keeping alive, and winning the war; that most people are thinking less abstractly, more realistically than usual. But they think about things that concern them immediately; there is a fall in talk and interest in the war *as a whole.* Balkan events, French diplomatic manœuvres, excite people much less than they would have done two or three months ago. Wishful-thinking is also at a low ebb. A year ago, wishful-thinking was a national pastime—Hitler's Seventh Column. There is little to suggest that any large section of the community, rich or poor, clever or stupid, young or old, has reacted against the tremendous lethal events of recent months by rushing into escapism or any phantasy-world.

# The Truth about ENSA

## by BASIL DEAN

*'ENSA has been too much a confraternity of fifth-rate performers', said the Editor in 'Thinking Aloud . . .' Basil Dean, who is Executive Director of ENSA, replies to this assertion and tells the full story of ENSA's operations.*

ENSA is a voluntary mobilisation of all branches of the entertainment world, to perform war service. Through its ancillary committee, FENSA, it receives the wholehearted co-operation of the cinema industry. As its name indicates, it is concerned with the provision of entertainment to all those who are fighting this war, whether directly as members of H.M. Forces or as workers in munition factories, or less directly as civilians whose cheerful fortitude in air-raid shelters makes possible continued resistance during the present defensive stage of the war. In other words, ENSA's full title, which is the Entertainments National Service Association, is an exact description of the functions of this wartime creation.

It is most decidedly not a one-man show. The ideas of many people have gone to the making of it. To give two examples, I think it was Leslie Henson's casting vote that gave it its title, just as it was the suggestion of W. Abingdon, the stage director, that Drury Lane should become its Headquarters. Throughout its hectic career it has owed much to the inspiration and energy of the Controller, Sir Seymour Hicks.

Although, naturally enough, it turned its first attention to the provision of entertainment for H.M. Forces, it is not a military association. Its employment by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes made possible the provision of all the professional entertainment that was required by the latter under its entertainment scheme for the men.

Work began two days after the outbreak of war in a single room with my personal secretary, a telephone, and no typewriter. But, of course, the staff plan had been carefully worked out before war came. This proved fortunate for the Army, who were the first to be served, since in those early days of the war there was little or no organisation for the welfare of the men. In the light of subsequent developments this is apt to be forgotten.

ENSA has given over 40,000 Service entertainments at home and abroad, attended by 7,000,000 people during the first twelve months of its existence. In France it gave 5,538 performances of all kinds to 2,242,559 men. During that brief period all of our best-known stars of the theatre, music hall, concert and musical worlds visited the B.E.F. At the present time ENSA shows are being provided for N.A.A.F.I. as far north as Iceland, as far east as Cairo, and as far west as Land's End.

In August last ENSA received a mandate from the Ministry of Labour to provide entertainment in war factories. Already close upon 3,000 of these

ENSAtainments, as they are called to differentiate them from the Service entertainments, have been given. The results have more than justified the Minister's support. Large numbers of factories report actual increase in output since the service began, or definite time-saving on the resumption of work immediately after the 'break for music'.

Recently, pending a decision of the Ministries concerned, a number of shelter concerts have been given by ENSA through the good offices of Dr. J. J. Mallon, of Toynbee Hall, who provided the necessary funds for the time being.

**Biggest in the World**

It is no exaggeration to say ENSA is conducting the largest entertainment business in the world. Yet every effort has been made to avoid undue competition with private enterprise; and on the whole the good understandings reached with various branches of the Entertainment Industry have been well kept. A great deal of the administrative work is done voluntarily. There are regional committees throughout the land, and one in New York under the chairmanship of Gertrude Lawrence has provided a number of recorded broadcast programmes contributed by British and American stars for use at home in the Forces programme of the B.B.C. and in the N.A.A.F.I.-sponsored broadcasting service for the troops in the Middle East.

The Central Committee in London, under the presidency of the Lord Tyrrell of Avon, meets from time to time to discuss matters of general interest. But ENSA has no rigid constitution. Being a voluntary association of workers, banded together to achieve a certain object, this has not been necessary. But, now that ENSA has become a 'national institution', as one newspaper described it the other day, it may be necessary to regularise the position somewhat, and to give more formal representation to those associations and trades unions without whose support the work could not have been sustained.

Naturally enough, a new organisation of this magnitude has to stand up to a good deal of criticism. But I sometimes wonder whether much of the criticism that is directed against us is really designed to improve the service of entertainment to those who are fighting and working for us, or whether it is inspired by self-interest and sometimes is merely spiteful. The criticisms have roughly two sources. There are the criticisms that come from the general public or from official sources; and there are the criticisms of the entertainment world itself.

**The Galaxy**

Regarding the first, it should be obvious from the size of the job that has been done that this work could not have achieved its present place in popular regard if it had been carried out by 'a confraternity of fifth-rate performers'. This statement does little justice either to the numbers of stars of all kinds who have worked for ENSA (I should judge about 80 per cent of the total number in the profession have done this) or to the large numbers of lesser-known men and women of the show world whose bright, cheery shows, often given nowadays in circumstances of personal hardship and danger, mean just as much to the troops and workers as do some of the more publicised occasional efforts of leading personalities.

Similarly, the wild statements that have appeared from time to time to the effect that unsuitable entertainments

were being given are due to lack of knowledge of the facts. On the one hand, it is generally stated that ENSA gives only low-brow performances. Yet, when the offers of well-known organisations and leading players are accepted, suggestions are immediately put out to the effect that ENSA does not understand what the troops want.

**Professionals and Amateurs**

The criticism of our standards has occasionally another source. I refer to the indifferent amateur entertainments that are sometimes given both to troops and to war workers. More often than not these are attributed to ENSA. Now it is well known amongst entertainment managers that the public's memory for the poor show is often longer than that for a good one! I have no intention here of enlarging upon that highly controversial subject, 'Amateur *v.* Professional'. It is sufficient to point out that ENSA has always been a professional organisation that has endeavoured to provide as much professional entertainment as the authorities were prepared to pay for. It has endeavoured to do this as cheaply as possible, and has secured the co-operation of the Agents' Association in cutting out the agents' fees that actors normally have to pay.

Respecting the charges of inadequacy now being levelled against ENSA, which comes partly from official and partly from professional sources, it must always be remembered that ENSA can only provide as much entertainment as the authorities will allow. It is not an employment agency; neither has it authority to provide entertainment on its own initiative.

Looking back over the last fourteen months it seems that the volume of professional criticism has risen or fallen in accordance with the amount of unemployment in the profession itself. Hundreds of entertainers have been saved from bitter hardship through the work provided for them by ENSA.

The cinema industry has nobly supported us throughout, often at the sacrifice of personal interests. Not only have films been given to us for release to the troops in France prior to their general release in England, but many exhibitors up and down the country have loaned their cinemas for special performances free of charge.

This brief survey of the ENSA position would be incomplete without resumed reference to salient features.

First of all, the entertainment profession would not have had this opportunity of rendering service to the country in the manner it best understands and in organised fashion without the support of N.A.A.F.I.

**Well Worth While**

Secondly, there emerges, like a shining beacon of encouragement for our people, the great fact that, due to the imaginative insight of Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison and others, the Government has for the first time supported living entertainment, and harnessed it to essential war purposes. For that fact alone, if for no other, ENSA has been worth while.

It behoves all those who care for the well-being of our people to have the imagination to realise the grim time that will lie ahead of our industry during the period of reconstruction, and to do nothing to destroy the position that ENSA has created for them.

# Iran, Iraq – and the Axis

## by J. WENTWORTH DAY

*who brings forward a significant array of figures to show why the Nazi war machines will 'seize up' if Hitler does not strike at the Near East—and perhaps even if he does.*

Oil is the keynote of this war. Without oil Hitler's victories are empty. His aeroplanes cannot fly, his ships sail or his submarines swim.

Germany cannot produce even enough for her own peace-time requirements. Italy produces less than nine per cent of her normal needs. Japan, worst off of all three, has only one-tenth of her civil needs to call her own. All three rely on outside sources which are at the mercy of the seas and the British Navy.

Hence the march into Rumania, the prelude to a mighty land war in the Near East, now lowering like a thunder cloud upon the horizons of Palestine and Persia. For the Near East is the only part of the world within striking distance of Germany which can provide all the oil which she and her allies require.

Germany produces relatively little oil. In spite of her expensive ingenuity, her synthetic processes and hydrogenation plants, she cannot produce more than five million tons a year —two millions less than her normal peace-time requirements, and many more millions less than her needs for full-scale war on land, air and sea.

Leuna, her biggest synthetic oil plant, has been almost completely wrecked by the R.A.F. Even Berlin has admitted that. The stocks captured in Belgium, France, Holland, Denmark and Norway have been badly damaged by us. What remains is a mere temporary gain which, once exhausted, cannot be repeated.

Russia nowadays absorbs practically all her own oil. At the most she cannot spare more than half a million tons for export—if she is so inclined. But it is significant that the last consignment of 8,700 tons of Russian oil sent to Constanza for shipment to Germany was found by the Germans to be of such poor quality that it was useless.

Polish oil is limited and diminishing. France produces a little in Alsace, relies on outside sources for the rest. Italy, with an annual peace-time consumption of 3½ million tons, can call only 370,000 tons of it her own, of which 300,000 tons come from Albania.

Rumania, with a total output of six and a quarter million tons, steadily declining, suckles this litter of hungry wolves. Even Greece and Bulgaria depend on Rumania. But Rumania cannot carry all the babies all the time. The Near East could. The British Fleet and British Armies, however, bar the way. Turkey, fully alive to the fact that German 'protection' would mean the loss of her independence, is our ally.

Let us examine the oil potentialities

of the Nazi world and its neighbours.

| | tons per annum |
|---|---|
| Germany (including Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland) . . . | 5,000,000 |
| Rumania (exportable surplus) . . . . | 4,000,000 |
| Russia (problematical exportable surplus) . | 500,000 |
| Italy (including Albania). | 370,000 |
| France (occupied and unoccupied) . . . | 250,000 |
| Estonia (exportable surplus) | 100,000 |
| Belgium and Holland . | 40,000 |
| Total Annual Production . | 10,260,000 |

What are Europe's requirements from this maximum oil potentiality of ten and a quarter million tons? In peacetime her countries, excluding Russia, used twenty-three million tons of oil a year, or nineteen million tons if bunkers are omitted. She cannot run on much less to-day. Whatever savings are made by cutting down the private motorists' supplies are offset by the needs of the Axis armed forces, war industries, transport services and the farms and industries in occupied or subservient countries, which *must* be kept going if they are to contribute their quota to the Nazi war machine.

**The Near East Reservoir**

So Hitler is up against the inescapable fact that Europe as a whole is short of oil, that his mechanised forces cannot be put to their fullest uses until oil is obtained from outside sources. They counted on a lightning victory in a lightning war. For that their production and reserves were probably sufficient. But the lightning war has flickered out.

The Near East offers the solution to Hitler's difficulties. Between them the countries of the Near East are capable of producing at least twenty million tons of oil a year. Hitler is already faced with the problem of finding that missing nine million tons a year. Rumania cannot answer that problem. Her supplies are limited, her production has been declining for four years, the landing and loading facilities on the Danube are inadequate and the overland railway systems to Germany are already choked by war transport. There is a shortage of tanker barges. There are other difficulties too technical to detail here. Rumania is useful, not so much as a fount of oil, but as a jumping-off ground for the attack via Greece, Turkey and Syria on the rich oilfields of Iran, with an output of ten million tons a year; Iraq, with a capacity of four million tons a year; Bahrein, now producing nine hundred thousand tons, but capable of producing and dealing with one and a half million tons; Saudi Arabia, with an output of six hundred thousand tons (the mere fringe of its possibilities); Egypt, producing six hundred thousand tons and prospecting for more.

**Turkey Tapped**

Oil has been found and its quality tested in the tiny kingdom of Koweit, at the head of the Persian Gulf. This year it was found in Turkey, where small quantities are already being produced, and more will follow. There is oil in Syria.

At Abadan, on the Persian Gulf, are the biggest oil refineries in the world. At Port Suez are oil storage tanks capable of bunkering half the British Navy. Haifa, in Palestine, with its pipe line to the Mosul oilfields, receives and refines two million tons a year.

Meanwhile, Great Britain can feed herself, her armies, navy and air force

with all the oil she requires from America and the Dutch West Indies.

Even if Hitler over-ran Turkey, if his hordes swarmed into Syria aided by Italy, if they blew up the Palestine pipe line—he would still be a long way from securing control of Near Eastern oil, for the vast bulk of it comes via the Persian Gulf—from Abadan, Damman, Ras Tanura and Bahrein. The world's biggest tanker fleet, controlled by Britain, six million tons of shipping, brings it through the Suez Canal. That is why Egypt is the vital link in this vast game of strategy about to be played in the Near East for the ultimate prize of oil.

**Propaganda and Possession**

Iran, biggest producer among those countries, has been riddled with German propaganda for the last few years. Iran is only a luke-warm friend of Britain. But the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, with its capital of £33,000,000, of which £11,000,000 is held by the British Government, sits firmly in the saddle. Propaganda is of little avail against the man in possession.

Japan, which uses four million tons of oil a year, produces only three hundred thousand tons of it. That is why she has her eye on the Dutch East Indies, with their opulent output of 7,394,000 tons a year. But her tanker tonnage is only 429,000, that of Germany 256,093 tons, and that of Italy 426,000—one-sixth of that of Britain. Italy, for all her sordid Empire-mongering, her gallant bombing and gassing of Abyssinians, has found no oil in Libya, Eritrea, or Abyssinia. Her position in the realm of oil is more than dangerous. In the past the United States has supplied seventy-five per cent of all Japan's mineral oil imports, whilst more than two-thirds of Italy's total consumption came from the United States, Venezuela via the Dutch West Indies, and Mexico.

Thus, from every point of view, the Axis is forced to go South-East, to the kingdoms of the desert, for the oil which is the life-blood of its war machines.

But, as I pointed out before, victory in that extended type of desert warfare —for which Britain seems to possess a peculiar genius—is by no means the final answer to the Axis problem. Even if they captured Haifa in the Eastern Mediterranean and the port of Tripoli in Syria, through which, before the collapse of France, two million tons of Iraqi oil came annually, they would still be more than fifty per cent short of their total needs. The Tripoli pipe-line supply was discontinued after the collapse of France. It joins the Haifa pipeline over the Iraq border, and the twin lines between them each carried two million tons of oil annually. Since the French defection the Haifa line only is being used, with a consequent loss of two million tons a year.

**The Key**

It is not, perhaps, well known that Egypt is an oil producer of great potential importance. Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields, a Shell concern, has been producing oil from the Hurghada and Ras Gharib fields for some years. The output has been somewhat erratic, but it showed a spectacular advance last year, and although the yield is still only six hundred thousand tons, there is every likelihood that before long Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields will be able to produce all the oil that Egypt requires.

Here, then, in the lands of the Bible, under the desert stars, in the once-silent wastes of the world's oldest civilisations, lies the key whose possession will decide the future of the world.

# COMIC STRIPS By Frank Dowling

**The daily two-minute 'Escape' for the unsophisticated and the sophisticated get an occasional kick out of it, too.**

**LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—AS THROUGH A MIST DARKLY**

'FUNNY—but didja ever get a hunch that somethin' was 'bout to happen—yuh can't say just what?'

It is Little Orphan Annie speaking, the queen of American strip cartoon characters and probably the inspiration of the Shirley Temple saga. This sweet little maid has been an orphan for many years and is likely to remain one as long as she exists, for the public like orphans in strip cartoons. If she ever found her father—and that situation becomes imminent every month—her public would not like her so much.

### How Annie Reforms Wall Street Speculators

Annie's particular line is the regeneration of broken Wall Street speculators. Give Annie a millionaire who has been out-double-crossed by another millionaire and Annie is happy. She usually finds him as he is about to make a hole in the Hudson and reads him a little lecture about being down but never being out. Instead of jumping straight into the river and taking Annie with him, he allows himself to be lured into honest toil. Annie makes a trousers-presser out of him and saves his self-respect. Very soon he is saying: 'Yes, a vague form through the dark mist that is the future—the mist into which we go forward to meet our destiny.'

### Playboys and White-haired Mothers are Reunited

Another of Annie's specialities is the reunion of wayward playboys and white-haired mothers. The playboys, having made good on Broadway as band leaders playing songs about white-haired mothers, are naturally ashamed of their own, which is Annie's big chance to show up the playboys in front of their girl-friends. If she can prove that the playboys also have a cast-off wife and a curly-haired brat in the background Annie is in her seventh heaven.

Annie has a large public in America. One day, when she was kidnapped, the New York *Daily News* was swamped with telegrams insisting that Annie

should be found, or at any rate that her ultimate safety should be assured.

**Belinda's Father is Always Round the Corner**

The American passion for strip-orphans seems to be shared to some extent by our own strip-cartoon public. Have we not our own Belinda in the *Daily Mirror* whose father is always just round the corner, although we have a pretty shrewd idea that paternity will never be established. Belinda is, however, less concerned with meddling in other people's affairs, and is certainly better drawn than her American cousin. At the time of writing she is living in a Ghost-goes-West type of Scottish castle, where everybody wears tartans, plays bagpipes and talks in the purest stage Doric. Sample: 'Hoots, the wicked wilfu' hussy. I'll gie her marrit! I'll no' let her set eyes on Duncan Oig or ane o' his merderin' clan again.'

The *Daily Mirror* is, of course, the patron saint of strip cartoonists, and the six cartoons they run are nicely calculated to select an individual following without becoming too specialised.

Are you soft-hearted, emotional and just a trifle dim in the wit? Belinda will ensure a perpetual tear on your sympathetic cheek.

Are you tough, can you take it? Would you like to Tommy-gun your way out of tight corners every day? Buck Ryan, at the moment in a tight corner in Germany, will keep you shooting from the hip, and pitting yourself against the Gestapo and the Polizei. And what uppercuts! They leave a trail like a swooping Spitfire and end up with a most satisfying click on the point of the jaw.

**Ruggles is the Family Man's Best Friend**

Are you a family man who likes his pint of beer and his game of darts? The homespun soldier-dash philosophy of Ruggles will provide you with 'a nice substitute for a nice glass of bitter and a bit of chinwag' until they open again round the corner.

Or you may be a 'Western' fan with a taste for sheriffs and bad men—then shucks, all yuh gotta do is read Beelzebub Jones n' meet ther whole dern outfit, although an aspirant for a pilot's wings could get a few tips from Beelzebub. His technical knowledge of flying a crate seems just a little advanced for a hick Westerner.

Naturally, the tired boys in the Services have got to be catered for, too. 'Jane', a strip about a musical comedy W.A.A.F. girl, can usually be relied upon for a strip cartoon tease, and if her author's idea of an R.A.F. mess resembles a suburban gin palace filled with

*BELINDA*

# VATER UND SOHN

in

# 'EMOTION'

by Plannen

barbers' assistants, he probably shares that conception with a great many other people.

Catering for all, but with an odd touch of sophistication, comes the American-born Popeye the Sailor. Popeye plays up to no complexes and releases no inhibitions except, perhaps,

It is interesting to speculate as to how much Popeye's character is unsullied by the defiling touch of Midas, remembering the legend that the spinach growers of the United States are behind him to a man. If the spinach growers, why not the hamburger barons? I seem to remember, too, a little speech of Pop-

that he shares with Buck Ryan the graphic perfection of the jaw-socking technique and, perhaps, in this way appeals to everybody who nourishes a private ambition to land a swinging uppercut on the point of somebody's (fill in the name of your own pet enemy) chin.

### Wimpy Steals Popeye's Thunder

It is his assistant, however, Wimpy, who usually steals the show. The urbane Wimpy, who resembles rather a cross between Alexander Woolcott and Old Bill, is a true and loyal friend until the ship happens to drift to windward of a hamburger island and then—Popeye, beware! — the hamburger-maddened Wimpy will sell the cause and the ship and the degustipated Popeye as well, if he can but sink his teeth into a luscious hamburger, preferably with French mustard.

eye's: 'Bananas are one of my favourite fruits on account of they's vitamings in 'em.'

### But the Continental Strips Are the Best

It is a pity that the native strip cartoonists of Britain and America fall below the Continental standards. Have our editors seen the work of the masters like Caran d'Ache (who was drawing strip cartoons forty years ago and who inspired Bateman and Soglow), work that is comparable with the Japanese poem in its compression of time and incident, its selection of the essential features of a scene and a story? And what of E. O. Plannen, whose sensitive drawings of Vater und Sohn are as good as a Disney silly symphony? Some concentration camp is, no doubt, brighter for his captive wit. Perhaps editors never read Continental papers. Perhaps the soft-hearted public prefers sentiment.

# The Perfect Life

## by DERMOT MORRAH

*This is a review of 'Eastern Religions and Western Thought', published by the Oxford University Press. The author is Professor Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, Spelding Professor of Eastern Religion and Ethics.*

THE natural horizon of the European mind is that of the Mediterranean Sea. Education—which is the process of acclimatising the child to the cultural atmosphere in which he has been born—has always meant for us the assimilation of certain systems of ideas, all of which we trace to origins among the Mediterranean peoples. In science, in philosophy, in all the arts we derive from Greece, in law and political organisation from Rome, and in religion from Palestine; and in so far as we have been interested in the origins of our ideas, we have generally been content if we could trace them to these three roots.

Yet we have been well aware for centuries that in Asia there were great poets before Homer, profound philosophers before Socrates, mighty and civilised Empires before the Cæsars, and lofty religious teachers before Christ and even before Moses.

To those, however, who have asked why we allow our sons and daughters to grow up in all but total ignorance of the thought of any continent but our own, the answer has always been the same: that it is sufficient for the ordinary man to master the tradition to which he himself belongs by birth, and that he may leave to specialists the study of outside systems.

Ours, surely, is the last generation that will dare to give that answer. In the intercourse of peace, in the cataclysms of war, the peoples of the whole earth are flowing together with unexampled rapidity, and the thought of them all must inevitably become blended in a common stock of ideas. Europeans are waking up at last to the sense that they inhabit a small peninsula on the western edge of Asia, and that the mental atmosphere in which they and their posterity must live will be diffused more and more by Asiatic minds, living and dead.

If they turn for an introduction to Eastern ideas to the work of Professor Radhakrishnan they will find themselves put at their ease from the outset, perhaps at some sacrifice of their insular vanity, by the revelation that they have already, without knowing it, been largely thinking Asiatic thoughts.

It is, of course, a commonplace that all the great religions of the world, including Christianity, come from Asia; but Professor Radhakrishnan claims much more than this. He maintains, and brings cogent evidence to prove, that both Greek philosophy and Jewish and

Christian religion were directly indebted in their very origin to thinkers from much farther East, and in particular to the sages of India.

The means of contact between East and West in ancient times were considerable, and for the evidence that Indian ideas actually did penetrate, it is necessary to study Professor Radhakrishnan's impressive analysis of the way in which the thinkers of the West repeat what has already been taught in the East.

The mythology of Vishnu and Siva may, of course, be interpreted as a parable of spiritual truth, just as Aeschylus interpreted the mythology of Zeus and Apollo.

**The Eternal Quest**

The distinctively Indian approach to the ultimate problems of the universe starts very much where Aristotle starts in his treatise on Metaphysics, with the axiom that the quest of knowledge is fundamental to human nature. But the axiom is used in a quite different sense, for, in the Hindu conception, knowledge—*jñaña*—is not a function of the intellect but of the soul:

*Hindu and Buddhist thinkers with a singular unanimity make out that* avidya *or ignorance is the source of our anguish, and* vidya *or wisdom,* bodhi *or enlightenment is our salvation. The former is intellectual knowledge which produces self-consciousness and self-will. Our anxieties are bound up with our intellectuality, whose emergence at the human level causes a fissure or cleavage in our life. The break in the normal and natural order of things in human life is directly traceable to man's intellectuality, the way in which he knows himself and distinguishes himself from others.*

The way of escape from 'the fissure or cleavage in our life' is not attained by the outward-looking intellect, which looks upon the external world of appearances and exercises itself in distinctions, but through the soul or spirit, which looks inward upon itself and seeks unity and not differences. It desires freedom from *maya,* which stands for the doctrine that the visible world is an illusion, deriving such reality as it possesses from its participation in the higher reality of things unseen.

That which is individual in personality itself belongs to *maya;* the soul in its quest of the secret of its own nature has to penetrate deeper than the individuality of the self, and make the discovery that, at a level more profound than that of intellectual knowledge, it is one with all other souls, and with the soul of the world:

*Deep down in his own nature is the divine secret, which we must reach. All the forms, superficial and alien, imposed and forced upon it from without, are secondary, and the spirit in us which is a constant affirmation of our oneness with the whole universe is the primary fact.*

**From Discipline to Ecstasy**

The soul does not reach the divine secret by any process of reasoning, but by *yoga,* which is a discipline of the will. By long ascetic endeavour, it attains to *dharana,* concentration, in which state it acquires the power to exclude all extraneous desires or worries, and to confine attention to the chosen object. This leads in turn to *dhyana* or meditation. 'The soul becomes empty of every thought except the one meditated on, which takes possession of it. . . . Out of the brooding darkness, illumination is won.' From this illumination is born ecstasy—not a fanatic frenzy, but the ultimate sanity of the emancipated soul.

'*So in the third stage of* samadhi *or identification, the conscious division and separation of the self from the divine being, the object*

INCARNATIONS: VISHNU IN THE FORM OF KRISHNA CHARMING NATURE WITH HIS FLUTE

*from the subject, which is the normal condition of unregenerate humanity, is broken down . . . The supreme awareness, the intimately felt presence, brings with it a rapture beyond joy, a knowledge beyond reason, a sensation more intense than that of life itself, infinite in peace and harmony.'*

**The Beatific Vision**

The soul knows itself eternal, outside time and space, and enjoys what Christians call the Beatific Vision. The whole process is so long and arduous that it may occupy many lives.

There is nothing here that we can ask the Hindu sages to prove to us. We are not in the region of argument but of experience; the mystic cannot communicate his experience, but can only say 'Go and do thou likewise'.

But Professor Radhakrishnan shows how this mysticism, which was ancient in India when Greek civilisation was in its infancy, reappears in a certain strain of Greek thought. We see it dimly in the Greek mystery cults, especially the Orphic religion, which shares with Hinduism the beliefs in 'rebirth, the immortality and godlike character of the soul, the bondage of the soul in the body, and the possibility of release by purification'. It comes out into the full philosophic daylight with Plato, who owes much to the Orphic teacher, Pythagoras.

The whole system of Plato—the first philosophical explanation of the universe formulated in Europe—is based on a conception practically identical with *maya*, the unreality of the things perceived by the senses. From Plato's doctrine of ideas, the suprasensual realities laid up in heaven, flows one of the two main currents of philosophic thought that have formed the mind of Europe. He, like the Hindus, believes in a soul lost in the world of change, striving always to escape from it, and purifying itself, perhaps through successive lives, until it can achieve oneness with the soul of the world.

**Logos**

This soul of the world, which is cardinal to Hindu metaphysics, takes a leading place in the thought of Plato's disciples and successors, under the name of the Logos, or the Word. Through this conception Philo the Jew attempted to merge Platonism and Judaism into a single system, and St. John and St. Paul to restate Christianity in the phraseology of Plato. This line, continuing through St. Augustine and St. Bonaventura, is a permanent element in Christianity.

The pagan tradition continued on these lines in Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists; while Christianity in its early centuries was greatly influenced by the religion or heresy of Gnosticism, which, starting from the Hindu insistence that the ultimate reality, or God, is pure

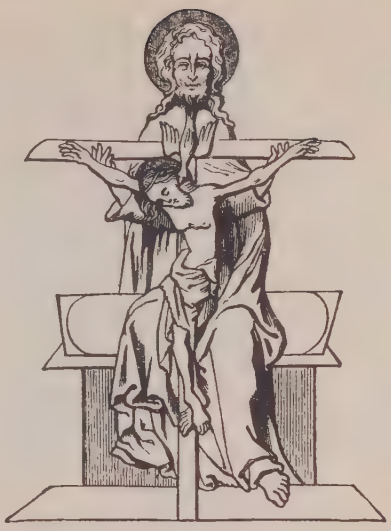
spirit, imagines a hierachy of intermediate potencies, to bridge the gulf between this spirit and the material world.

Closely related to Gnosticism, and both deeply indebted to Indian ideas, are two great systems which reached Europe through Persia—Mithraism, a religion of sacramental purification, which came near to establishing itself as the official religion of the Roman Empire; and Manichæism, the doctrine of an eternal conflict between a good Lord of Light and Spirit and an evil Lord of Darkness and Matter, the fountain head of the Puritan strain in both Christendom and Islam.

Hinduism has been criticised as an unethical creed; Professor Radhakrishnan is able to show that this is a misconception, that, in fact, the Hindu quest for the ultimate unity issues at an early stage in the doctrine of the brotherhood of mankind, and so in a system of morality closely parallel to that preached by Christ. And, like Christianity, it can depict its ethical ideals in the portrayal of a perfect life lived on earth.

**Christ and Buddha**

The resemblances Professor Radhakrishnan is able to point out between the acts and the teachings of Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha, who lived five centuries before him, are truly remarkable. The birth of Buddha is announced by angels as tidings of great joy. His greatness is predicted by a Brahmin corresponding to Simeon. He is tempted by the Evil One. He heals the sick, the blind, the deaf. He sets out with twelve disciples to establish a kingdom of righteousness. He teaches by parables. He makes a triumphal entry into his native city of Kapilavastu. He is betrayed by one of his



A XIVTH-CENTURY SYMBOL OF THE TRINITY

disciples to his enemies. On the eve of his death he is transfigured. He never claimed to be divine; but Professor Radhakrishnan, following modernist critics against the accepted tradition of Christendom, believes that no such claim was ever made by Christ.

Professor Radhakrishnan evidently believes both that Buddhist thought had penetrated to Palestine and coloured the atmosphere in which Our Lord lived, which is highly probable, and also that some of the episodes of the Gospel are actual reproductions of Buddhist legend, which Christians are bound to dispute.

**Identical Ideals**

The general emphasis of his book, however, is not upon these things, but rather on the demonstration that the perfect life of the Eastern ideal is almost identical with that of the Western, and that when the mystics of the West, whether pagans like Plotinus and Porphyry, or Christians like Johannes

Scotus Eriugena, Hugh of St. Victor, or St. John of the Cross, describe their spiritual experience, they do so in almost the same terms as the great ascetic seers of India.

From this he proceeds to the inference that all religions are valid modes of approach to the eternal mysteries, that there is need for an infinite tolerance between the faiths, and that every man should seek to perfect himself in the discipline of the creed to which he was born, encouraging his brethren of other communions to do likewise without attempting either by force or by persuasion to convert them.

**Plea for Tolerance**

It is a challenge issued with moving sincerity and lofty idealism. The plea for a larger tolerance should go home to the conscience of all Christians; it is unanswerable. The argument for the equal validity of all religions, with its corollary that there should be no attempt at conversion, raises on the other hand vast and controversial issues.

The fundamental question for Christians is this: what is supremely important in their religion, that which it shares with the best in all other religions, or that in which it is unique? Professor Radhakrishnan, seeing truth in the consensus of the saints of all faiths, would say the former. But the orthodox Christian is bound to disagree.

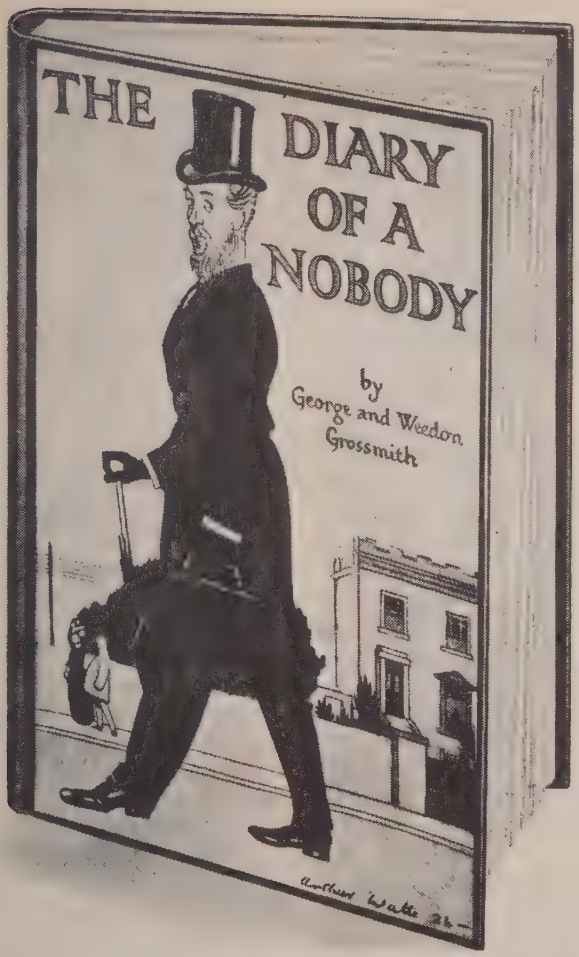
He will object that Hinduism seems, as expounded by Professor Radhakrishnan, to be a religion for a spiritual aristocracy, and not for the common man. Salvation is for the minority who have the spiritual force to find their way to God; it is unattainable for the majority who must live a workaday life. It is true that the Hindu meets this objection by saying that, in the long succession of reincarnations, every soul climbs at last to the Brahmin level and the power attaining through *yoga* to communion with the Absolute; but of this reincarnation the Christian sees no evidence, nor can he understand its purificatory value if, at each rebirth, the sins to be purged are blotted from the memory.

**Christianity and Compromise**

He has satisfied himself by reason and the moral sense that the order of the universe is just, and that a supreme spirit rules it, the nature of which is akin to that which he recognises as noblest in his own being. His unaided reason will tell him no more of the attributes of his God; but, since justice requires that the ordinary ungifted man shall have the means of saving his soul, he thinks it reasonable that God shall himself intervene in his universe to reveal himself and help man on his way. He is thus ready to believe in the miracle of the incarnation, which must be either true or false, and which therefore makes it for ever impossible to treat Christianity as one of many religions, all equally true. It may admit truth in many other creeds; but unless it claims a higher truth for itself, it is nothing.

The truth of Buddhism depends on the moral and metaphysical value of the teaching of the Buddha, not on the accuracy of the stories of his life. The lives of the mystical saviours, like Orpheus and Mithras, are frankly fabulous. Christianity is in an altogether different position; it stands or falls by the substantial truth of the gospel story. That is either its supreme strength or its irreparable weakness; but in any case it bars the way of compromise.

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY




reviewed by ALAN JENKINS

*Realism need not be sordid: it can sometimes be funny. This is the book of which Lord Rosebery said, 'I regard any bedroom I occupy as unfurnished without a copy of it'. Published in 1892, it reads equally well in 1940.*

It was a learned German refugee who introduced me to this book. George and Weedon Grossmith, he told me, together with *Alice in Wonderland* and Edward Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes*, had enabled him, after years of puzzlement, to understand the English nation in general, and *Punch* humour in particular. 'Most Germans', he explained, 'long to be Somebody. But most

Englishmen are content, even proud, to be Nobody. Hence you are a nation, and we are not.'

The reference to *Punch* is still more apposite; for here, surely, is the fount of A. A. Milne's early sketches, and Evoe's, and E. M. Delafield's. Here are the beginnings of the suburban-daily-doings style of gentle humour, imitated with varying degrees of efficiency by all who have ever written jolly little articles about My-Friend-George or a favourite caterpillar jocularly christened Cuthbert.

Yet none have excelled the original, the great and insignificant Pooter, whose diary the brothers Grossmith laid before the world in 1892. Why? Because Pooter is a fully-drawn, umpteen-dimensional character. Because he is not only comic, he is also pathetic. There is a miniature tragedy in the Pooters' disappointment at the Mansion House Ball—'Isn't it a pity we don't know anybody?' Torment is ever with him, even from 'those young Griffin boys next door, who, whenever we have friends, climb up the empty steps inside their conservatory, tap at the windows, making faces, whistling, and imitating birds'.

**In Praise of Pooter**

Chaplin-like, Quixotic, all his best intentions are upset: 'I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat.' He is a profoundly good man whom the world fools to the top of his bent. He is the whole English lower middle class, then and now: those slow, meek, self-respecting folk it is now unhappily the fashion to despise. 'You must take us as we are,' he smiles, 'we are not swells.' 'It only shows how small the world is' is his daily reflection. 'Good old Broadstairs' is his invariable annual watering-place. He is always glad of 'a good excuse for going to bed early'. He says 'commence' instead of 'begin'. If he were alive in 1940 he would be mildly painting his A.R.P. dugout red (though pausing guiltily on being reminded of the political meaning of that colour) and wondering uneasily if it is quite the thing to sleep in a public shelter with total strangers, especially strange ladies.

**The Rebellious Lupin**

He is a good servant. Our hearts are warmed in the final chapter by his chief at the office, Mr. Perkupp, who pronounces Pooter 'the most honest and most worthy man it has been my lot to meet'. He is a good husband—'I spent the evening quietly with Carrie, of whose company I never tire'. A good father, too: note the humble perplexity with which he strives to understand Lupin, that egregious ingrate son of his, who would to-day be classed as a 'snurge' or 'blister', and would run a sports-car instead of a pony-trap. Lupin, with his intertwined amorous and financial adventures, and his horrid temporary fiancée, Daisy Mutlar, 'a big young woman, and I should think at least eight years older than Lupin'. (What an unexpressed cradle-snatching lies behind this sketch of Miss Mutlar!) Lupin, who calls his father 'Guv.', goes to too many music-halls, despises Pooter's 'tup'ny' cigars, and plagues his life with such blasphemies as 'I *hate* a family gathering at Christmas' and 'I'm not going to rot away my life in the suburbs'. One is genuinely annoyed when Pooter, flushed with the triumph of his £100 rise, reward of twenty-one years' service, gets home to find that Lupin has gone one better by making £200 on the Stock Exchange in a couple of minutes.

This is the book of which Lord

Rosebery said: 'I regard any bedroom I occupy as unfurnished without a copy of it.' For 'bedroom' read 'shelter'. I have read it every night for a week, the bombs falling all round. It is the perfect escape; and yet it is realistic, as much so as anything in Dickens: 'I left with a hurried kiss,' records Pooter one morning, 'a little too hurried, perhaps, for my upper lip came in contact with Carrie's teeth and slightly cut it. It was quite painful for an hour afterwards.'

Mark you, this book is contemporaneous with Wilde, Beardsley, Rider Haggard, the 'Nineties, and what a Wellsian character called 'all this Woman-Who-Diddery'. Only in small details does it date. No mere period piece, this. It reveals the other side of that flamboyant age, a section of life that has been little changed by two world wars, comparable to the life of Samuel Pepys and to the potterings of the Potteries as depicted in odd corners of Arnold Bennett. The very chapter headings indicate as much: 'I make one of the best jokes of my life. . . . Am annoyed at the constant serving-up of the blanc-mange. . . . I paint the bath red with unexpected result.' Blanc-mange, indeed, brings Pooter as near to domestic revolt as ever he gets; and the paint episode, in which poor Pooter becomes as blood-red as Marat through taking a bath before the paint is dry, is the only violent event in the book, always excepting Gowing's vulgar game of Cutlets.

**Little Irregularities**

Otherwise the turning-points of Pooter's life are seldom greater than 'the Curate wants me to take round the plate, which I think a great compliment'; or that troubled morning when he actually went to town without a pocket-handkerchief. Getting The Sack was a calamity worse than death; we note the same tyranny of The Job in Sinclair Lewis's *Our Mr. Wrenn;* and wartime London smiles grimly to read: 'I was half an hour late at the office, a thing that has never happened to me before.'

**Friends and Swells**

As in all good English realistic art, the minor characters are as memorable as the major. There is Mr. Padge, who comes uninvited and frequently: 'I was exasperated, and said, "Mr. Padge, this

'OUR DEAR FRIEND GOWING'

is a surprise!"' Mr. Padge takes the best chair, and stays and stays. He utters a single maddening phrase in response to everything—'That's right!'—and laughs loudly. There is Mr. Franching of Peckham, 'a great swell in his way', who 'lost a cool "thou" over the Copper Scare', and Mr. Paul Finsworth, at whose house Pooter drops a stick of bricks by commenting jovially on his portraits, all of which turn out to be of Finsworth's many and various dead relatives. ('To make matters worse'—whenever Pooter writes these dread

words, we are in for cumulative comedy.) Nor must we omit 'dear old Cumming', a sensitive fellow, whose slightest indispositions are recorded in *The Bicycle News*. As for Mrs. James, of Sutton, with her craze for table-turning, we seem to have met her somewhere.

My own favourite character in the whole book is 'our dear friend Gowing', that hearty, tactless toper who pulls Pooter's leg ('I say, it 's no good trying to look indignant, with your hair full of parsley') and puts his own foot into so many things. 'Any relation to Posh's Three-Shilling Hats?' he roars, on being introduced to 'swell' Mr. Murray Posh. I beg you to observe Weedon Grossmith's picture of him: the humorous, bibulous eyes, the glass of 'Jackson Frères' champagne ('two-and-six from the grocer's'), the essential goodness of the man shining through. These illustrations are indispensable to the book. I adore, too, the pompous façade of 'The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace', the typical London 'house with seven steps' which foreigners always find so depressing (see Čapek, *Letters From England*).

The humour of Pooter, of course, lies mainly in his own unconsciousness of it. His own brand of wit justifies Charles Lamb's assertion that 'the worst puns are the best'. 'Doesn't it seem odd', he is inspired to remark in the presence of his two most regular droppers-in, 'that Gowing 's always *coming* and Cumming 's always *going*?' His wife, as usual, dutifully goes into 'fits of laughter'; but Gowing and Cumming take the unexpected view that 'a pun on a name . . . was certainly a little wanting in good taste', and depart stuffily. However, 'it was as well they went, for the charwoman had finished up the remains of the cold pork'.

This is the *petit bourgeois* world which, to Maupassant, Flaubert, Balzac, Tchekov, meant tragedy, frustration, boredom, suicide. But this is a very English book, and lovable. Let Sir John Squire write the epilogue: 'The brothers Grossmith', he says, 'held the mirror up to nature, and there was a comic face in the glass.'

TOP-HATTED LONDON

*London at the turn of the century had not yet lost her Georgian air. Her ruling society was aristocratic till Queen Victoria's death and preserved the modes and rites of an aristocracy. Her great houses had not disappeared or become blocks of flats. In the summer she was a true city of pleasure, every window-box gay with flowers, her streets full of splendid equipages, the Park a show-ground for fine horses and handsome men and women. The ritual went far down, for frock-coats and top-hats were the common wear not only for the West End, but about the Law Courts and in the City. On Sunday afternoons we dutifully paid a round of calls. Conversation was not the casual thing it has now become, but was something of an art, in which competence conferred prestige. Also clubs were still in their heyday, their waiting lists were lengthy, and membership of the right ones was a stage in a career.*

—from the Memoirs of a Somebody:

JOHN BUCHAN'S *Memory-Hold-the-Door.*

# The Bookshelf

*'The Case Against Pacifism', by John Lewis. George Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d.*

*Tom Hopkinson hopes that all fair-minded pacifists will read it.*

STRANGELY out of date to-day seems the pacifist position. It is not argument that has made it so. It is hard fact. In the period 1914–18 you knew where the war was. You could go to it, or you could stay at home. This time the war comes to you. It comes just as surely if you are a pacifist, as it does if you are an old lady, or a hospital patient, or a baby not yet born.

Granted that you don't like fighting, that your conscience tells you to keep out of it—even supposing it goes the whole hog and tells you what Mr. C. E. M. Joad's conscience apparently once told him, that no conceivable gains whatever could be worth the sufferings of a single family in war—what are you to do when the bombs begin to fall all round you? What are you to do when the house next door collapses and you can hear people calling in the ruins? Are you to help—or aren't you? If not, what becomes of the moral and Christian basis which pacifists claim for their position? If so, are you to be willing to help in any such emergency—or only when the bomb comes down your street? Are you to be willing to train beforehand, so that your help can be effective? And, if you are to be willing to help battered people out of ruined homes, are you to be willing to fire the gun or fly the Spitfire which might prevent those people being battered? Or would you prefer to say with Aldous Huxley that 'the end cannot justify the means'—or with Max Plowman that 'when the family brawl turns to violence the Pacifist walks out of the house'? The ruined house? The house with people in it? And where does he walk to—the United States?

These, it seems to me, are the questions pacifists must be asking themselves at this moment. And for this they deserve our sympathy. Hard it must be to have, on top of that doubt we all share at the moment—of whether when the moment comes we shall have the courage to do enough for others under the blows of war—another doubt, of whether we should do anything for them at all. Or whether, by doing so, one will imperil one's own soul, permitting it to become contaminated by war's 'cruelty, vulgarity, ferocity and greed'.

But these are not the sort of arguments dealt with by Dr. Lewis. He has taken the literature of pacifism, and submitted it to the scrutiny of a penetrating, honourable and painstaking mind. He has divided pacifists into various classes, and has himself tried to enter with understanding into the position of each group. He has stated their case for them, clearly, forcefully and, so far as possible, in their own words. Then he has held the case up to the light, turned it this way and that, tapped it here and there—as Henry James used to tap one of his characters to see whether it did not somewhere give off a cracked or rotten sound. Whether the different pacifist cases do give off at any point a cracked or rotten sound is for the reader to decide.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Lewis's book will be read by all fair-minded pacifists.

*'Apostle of Charity: the Life of St. Vincent de Paul', by Theodore Maynard. Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. Reviewed by the Rev. V. G. Turner, S.J.*

IN recent years two lives of Vincent de Paul have appeared, both of considerable merit. There are the translation of Père Coste's Life and that of a biography done by Lavedan. The first is the progeny of the author's fourteen volumes of documents, an historian's book, factual and 'monumental'. The second approaches more nearly the biographical study. Mr. Maynard's new Life is of a type midway between the two. Based on Père Coste and making no original contribution to knowledge, it tells one all that one likes to know, soberly,

steadily, unambitiously. Since narration is the author's chief business, it has none of the concentration and unity of Lavedan.

It may be that had Mr. Maynard given freer play to the good biographer's synoptic power, the flair for grasping, in a personality, the unity in a multiplicity, he would have made a more satisfying book. We are indeed able to contemplate Vincent—and the times he lived in—from many an angle, but the saint does not, I think, emerge a figure in the round. Yet this sort of book has, of course, its own very grave dangers, and perhaps most readers will prefer Mr. Maynard's more modest Life to one liable to infection from a too impatient imagination at the expense of verifiable history.

Vincent's story is exciting enough in itself, as it is here unfolded in a roughly chronological order. The saint was beyond all else a man who rose to the heights demanded of him by circumstance, and we are able to watch him shaping and directing one after another all those works of charity that have made his name a household word even among those who know nothing of the man. It is instructive to observe—and Mr. Maynard makes it easy to observe—how little the success of Vincent's enterprises owes to what would nowadays presumably be called 'constructive philanthropic planning', and how much to the elemental virtues of patience and tenderness and love, in the stature these attain when they are nourished, as Vincent insisted they must be, with prayer.

For Vincent recapitulates in himself, as every saint does, the age-old wisdom of the Church, according to which an 'apostolate of charity' is fruitful just in so far as it is the expression of divine love.

This new Life, as I said, is unpretentious in its aims, and this unpretentiousness has its own claims. In any case, the book, judged by the customary standards, ranks high and may be read with profit by any man who is curious to know what a real saint was like.

*If Charles Morgan's new novel 'The Voyage' (reviewed by Eric Turrell) falls short of greatness it does not spring from solid ground.*

MR. CHARLES MORGAN'S new novel is set in the Paris and the provincial France of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and through a long tale he dissects the spiritual lives of Thérèse, an actress, and Barbet, a vine-grower, both in love with each other and on the same voyage, although travelling by different routes.

To read the book from cover to cover, which few unfortunately will, is a strange and purifying experience. Rising by its ethereal quality far above the realms of fiction, the story is in many ways a religion in itself. Barbet is the good man, Thérèse the genius—types only occasionally achieved with unquestionable success in literature—and the poetry of the writing makes an enduring record of all that is unique and of all that is beautiful about France and the French people.

It is a pity that Mr. Morgan's own genius, unlike that of his Thérèse, cannot reach out and communicate itself to men and women of the widest public and afford them the nourishment obtained by his trained and patient minority of readers. By common standards Thérèse may be unmoral and Barbet a heathen, but the example of their thoughts and their emotions and their conversations is one which, if translated from the author's unnatural perfection into broad and roundly understandable form, would captivate and convert a million hearts and minds. A great novel should touch the earth—more, it should be built upon it—and just by the measure of this fault *The Voyage* falls short of greatness.

*More than 'another climbing book'. R. L. G. Irving's 'Ten Great Mountains', Dent, 12s. 6d., is reviewed by Michael Harting.*

MOUNTAINEERS, if they are to interest the public in their craft, must avoid obscure references to 'laybacks' and descents 'en rappel'; they must give some better answer than vague abstractions to the question 'Why do men climb?'; and they must, above all else, catch humanity's ear by revealing themselves as ordinary mortals.

*Ten Great Mountains* satisfies on all these points, yet has a more topical quality than mere literary efficiency. Mountaineering books, whether of Mummery, Bourdillon, Young, Pierre Dalloz, or even of the humourless Bauer, climbing 'for his country's honour', reveal a universal spirit. In this account of ten immense wrinkles in the earth's surface and of the men who have loved them, that spirit is even easier to appreciate, standing up out of and above the contemporary turmoil.

Gleaming between the facts (and Mr. Irving, better than most climbing-authors, can reconcile accuracy with a lack of technicalities) is the mountaineer's easily-defined outlook on life. Here, one feels, is the international and impartial outlook of the great scientists plus the humanity that many scientists lack. One can almost believe in Mr. Smythe's optimistic prophecy that if parliaments met in mountains instead of in cities there would be no more wars.

Apart from the content of his story and the implications behind it, however, Mr. Irving has a happy way of describing mountains and the men who climb them that steers a path between cocksure presumption and that mock-modesty which can too easily make the Englishman ridiculous as well as great. And it is, perhaps, significant that, although his latest book covers Kangshenjunga, Mount Cook, the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, two of the most invigorating climbs described are early ascents of the Caucasian Ushba and of 'the Ben'.

Even with its plates and its sketch-plans, *Ten Great Mountains* is a slim volume for 12s. 6d. Yet it is an optimistic book, holding the philosophy of Mallory, 'to struggle and to understand—never this last without the other; such is the law'. An encouraging book to open when the bombs are falling.

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BATTLE: THE LIFE STORY OF WINSTON CHURCHILL. By Hugh Martin. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.

Hugh Martin is one of the most distinguished and able of the Old Guard 'special correspondents'. He possesses the twin gifts of accurate observation and attractive phrase-making, and both have been skilfully employed in this book.

THE WAR FOR WORLD POWER. By Strategicus. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

A survey of the war, up to the epic of Dunkirk, by the *Spectator* Military Critic.

THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST BY THE CHURCHES. By T. Middleton Murry. *Dakers.* 5s.

'Its theme is the betrayal of the common man by the Church of Christ . . . expressing the truth behind the evident fact that the common man has been intolerably let down.'

DYNAMIC DEFENCE. By Liddell Hart. *Faber & Faber.* 2s. 6d.

'A short but immensely relevant study of the present strategic and tactical situation and of the processes which have brought that situation about. . . . Merciless to past mistakes and present misconceptions, but should powerfully assist the transformation of the old model into the new model army.'

ARMIES OF FREEMEN. By Tom Wintringham. *Routledge.* 5s.

'"Freedom, felt and making a difference, making a people eager, is almost a formula for winning wars", says the author. That is what this book is about.'

WHAT HAPPENED TO FRANCE. By Gordon Waterfield. *Murray.* 5s.

Describes what the author saw as war correspondent with the French armies from April to June of this year and as a member of Reuter's staff in Paris during the last four and a half years.

JAPAN'S CONTINENTAL ADVENTURE. By Ching-Chun Wang. PH.D., LL.D. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Reprints of articles contributed to American and British magazines concerning the different phases of Japan's encroachment upon China.

BORROWED CHILDREN. By Mrs. St. Loe Strachey. *Murray.* 1s. 6d.

'Evacuation is another name for Dislocation,' says the author. 'Of the problems confronting the British Commonwealth at this moment the dislocation of life in the Mother Country is not the smallest.' The book deals with evacuated children of school age and the unforeseen problems—largely of an emotional nature—that immediately arose when the evacuation scheme was put into operation.

CHRISTMAS is one thing; politics, one would assume, another. But the Editor of *The Review of Reviews* is a moralist as well as a politician. He is the perfect Watch Dog. No season of the year has yet been discovered, however festive, that will catch him off his guard. This Christmas he casts a sombre eye upon Mrs. O'Shea.

To the Christmas number of *Atalanta* Clarence Housman—sister of A. E. and Laurence—has contributed a story that makes the flesh creep and the blood run cold. It is about a were-wolf. To Mr. Stead it reads horribly like a parable of recent history, for 'the strange woman has played the were-wolf with a vengeance among the foremost men of our time. They have kissed her, and have died—or they have met a worse fate in the living grave of universal contempt'.

'Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant', the Moralist observes, 'but seldom have we had a more conspicuous illustration of the truth of the old saying: "Whoso committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul; a wound and dishonour shall he get, his reproach shall not be wiped away." '

Did any of his readers doubt the existence of the soul? Then the rendering might be translated as 'destroyed his own party'. 'General Boulanger sacrificed the Boulangists to Madame X', he reflects. 'Don Carlos preferred an orgy to the crown of Spain; Skobeleff blighted the hopes of the Slavonic world by a suicide of debauchery; and now Mr. Parnell has trampled down the cause of Ireland under foot for the sake of his neighbour's wife.' Yesterday the return of a majority in the House of Commons pledged to Home Rule was virtually assured. 'To-day no one ventures to predict anything.'

That is the only allusion to Christmas in Stead's 'Progress of the World'. Elsewhere there is the usual 'Guide to Christmas Literature, being a Comprehensive Guide to the Gift Books of the Season'. 'The editor's tables groan beneath the weight of what the *Times* once described as "certain opuscules denominated Christmas books, put forward with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year." ' This section of *Review of Reviews* runs into 35 pages.

The Christmas number of the *Graphic* contains Hardy's *A Group of Noble Dames*, and Q's *I Saw Three Ships* is in *Yule Tide;* Rudyard Kipling tells a Plain Tale in the

*Illustrated London News;* Walter Besant and Louis Wain's cats contribute to the seasonable note of *Holly Leaves;* a double-page cartoon of contemporary celebrities in *Vanity Fair* is said to have been printed in ten colours. The best boy's book of the season, *The Great Taboo,* is accredited to Grant Allen, author of *The Woman Who Did.*

Various means are suggested whereby the Christmas spirit may be agreeably stimulated, as, for example, in country villages. The description of an At Home in the schoolroom is lifted from the *Monthly Packet* to show what can be done. 'We invited from 30 to 50 of the young people,' says the authoress, 'doing our best to ask only such as bore fairly good characters, and to ensure that if a girl was keeping company with a respectable young man, he and she should both receive invitations. We began our evening with albums, wheels of life, and such things as could be passed from one to another; then came a little music; then oranges and buns, or tea and buns, were handed round by the young men, who laughed very sheepishly at first, but soon fell into the way of it. After this we had games—the "Old Family Coach" and "French Blind Man's Buff" were more successful than any, I think; and then we finished up with "Sir Roger", which was entered into with great zest by a few to whom we had already taught it, and very soon picked up by the others. Altogether, we thought our parties a success.'

It is hoped, too, that this Christmas may be somewhat brighter than previous ones for the inmates of our workhouses, that 'the work of humanising our workhouse administration, which has been begun by the regular collection and distribution of newspapers and periodicals, may receive an impetus'. Mr. Stead would like to see in every workhouse a Christmas tree, with gifts for the children; an entertainment, with music, song and magic lantern; a parcel of pictures and literature.

Another Christmas suggestion comes from Lady Aberdeen who has just returned from Canada. Appealing on behalf of 'colonists of our race who are beginning to scatter themselves along the great North West', she urges ladies to send parcels of literature, 'pictures for walls, which are so painfully bare; perhaps, flower-seeds, and seeds for trees, to plant around the little homestead, and thus, in time, transform the look of the country'.

Children also have a part to play. An organisation that has Stead's Christmas blessing is run by Uncle Toby at Newcastle and is called the Dicky Bird Society. Members pledge themselves 'to be kind to all living things, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or destroy a nest'. Another admirable method of training children to be kind and helpful to dumb creation, says Stead, is by promoting the formation of Bands of Mercy.

The 'Man of the Month' is Dr. Robert Koch, and the man who writes about him is Conan Doyle, in whose *Sign of Four* Dr. Watson has recently introduced Sherlock Holmes to a fortunate public. Consumptives have been flocking to Berlin full of hope for the new tuberculosis treatment, and Conan Doyle observes that 'it is a melancholy reflection that there will probably be more patients killed by exposure or neglect in overcrowded lodgings than Dr. Koch is likely to cure for many a long day to come'.

Among the many reproduced cartoons is one from *Life* which shows Queen Victoria, assisted by Lord Salisbury, selling the British Empire by auction. Heligoland has just been knocked down to the German Emperor.

# Cross-Section

## *A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS*

### Pointless Pessimism

WHEN were these 'good old times'? Not in the twenties of this century, when the world had been demoralised by the Great War. Hardly in the century's teens, when Lord Grey said that 'the lamps are going out all over Europe'. In the first decade it was the riot of Edwardian days and the 'antics of the

*Poster by Puyol, Spanish Republican Artist*

'THE PESSIMIST'

Suffragettes' that were leading to the collapse of civilisation.

In 1891 Miss Braddon's hero Gerard Hillersdon thought that 'the spirit of romance' had 'fled from our vulgarised planet'. In 1886, Martin Tupper believed that in his day 'the happiness of thousands' was being destroyed by agnosticism. In 1873, Trollope wrote a novel to describe 'The Way We Live Now', and in 1879, his Miss Cassewary was still 'always foreseeing the ruin of the country'. Trollope (1867) thought the 'sixties were 'a hurrying and competitive age'. At the end of the 'fifties (1859) George Eliot gave it as her opinion that 'these old leisurely times' that she was describing in *Adam Bede*, were 'gone with the spinning wheel'.

In the 'hungry forties', which Queen Victoria called 'these awful, sad, heart-breaking times', Matthew Arnold (1848) saw 'a wave of more than American vulgarity, moral, intellectual and social' preparing to break over England. In 1837, Pusey confessed of himself and his contemporaries that they were 'a luxurious people', and that luxury was 'increasing, spreading everywhere'.

Byron felt in 1823 for England, which he had left some seven years before,

*a mixed regret and veneration*
*For its decaying fame and former worth.*

Before 1816, Jane Austen tells us, the portraits on the walls of the Great House at Uppercross seemed to be 'staring in astonishment' at the 'overthrow of all order and neatness' by the Miss Musgroves' 'grand pianoforte, harp, flower-stands and little tables placed in every direction'. Wordsworth told his friend Coleridge in 1806 that he didn't know which way to look since plain living and high thinking were no more and he had given away the sordid boon of his heart.

Even Burke, in 1791, thought that 'the age of chivalry' was gone. Dr. Johnson (1783) lamented that he had 'lived to see all things as bad as they can be'. In the previous decade, in 1778, Boswell thought that there was 'a general levity in the age', while, in 1766, when Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he told how Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson replied, 'Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage'.

In 1758 Rousseau contrasted the children of the day in France with those of the time when he was young and was 'brought up in rustic fashion and had no complexion to keep'. In 1745 John Wesley asked of England where the country was 'in which is found so utter a disregard to even heathen morality'. Bishop

Berkeley, in 1721, wrote *An Essay towards the prevention of the Ruin of Great Britain*. One of his suggested remedies was the wider drinking of Tar Water.

In 1650 William Prynne lamented that 'Our English Gentlewomen are now growne so farre past shame, past modesty, grace, and nature, as to clip their hair like men with lockes and foretops'. In 1567 Tasso in Italy thought 'the world growing old and growing sad with age'. In 1550 William Bale thought that it was 'a most vengeful time wherein the Antichrists and hypocrites most fiercely stir about them to vex all the world with their fiery blasts'.

In the Middle Ages, the days of 'Merrie England', we find (1375) Gower wrote that 'the world goeth fast from bad to worse', since, it would seem, wages were rising. Berthold of Regensburg in 1272 declared that 'in old days women were exceedingly temperate, eating and drinking but little'. Bonaventura (1221–1274) asked why men should desire life to last so long since 'evil grows daily and good diminishes'. Salvian, in the fifth century, declared that 'the world lies giggling on its death-bed'.

Josephus, about the year 90, wrote that 'no age did ever breed a generation more fruitful in wickedness than this since the beginning of the world'. Livy (59 B.C.–A.D. 17) said that 'of late riches have brought in avarice, and excessive pleasures, the longing to carry wantonness and licence to the point of ruin for oneself and of universal destruction'. Aristophanes, in his *Clouds*, made Justice complain that 'in old days modesty was the rule with schoolboys', and Plato, in the *Laws*, lamented the new views of men who impressed the young as wise (as, no doubt, the Nazi teachers of the Hitlerjugend do to-day), prose writers and poets, who profess that 'indefeasible right means whatever you can carry with a high hand'.

CLEMENT F. ROGERS, *Quarterly Review*.

### Corsican Postman

LIKE Drinkwater's blackbird, the postman 'comes on chosen evenings', he himself making the choice. He is not fond of exercise, this old man. By pitiful stories of his sufferings at night after the journey from the office on the hill four miles away, he has made the dwellers in the little hamlet by the sea believe that it would be inhuman to insist on a daily delivery. So usually he comes on alternate days—though not always then; are not saints' days and the birthdays of his many relations reason enough why he should not make the journey?

'He is late, that old man,' murmurs Mimi's mother as she takes a bundle of linen to wash in the large stone tank by the roadside. 'Yes, and he has not been here for three days,' replies the fisherman, Pierre Cagliari. 'Yesterday, anniversary of his parents' wedding—the day before, his nephew's birthday. Pah! he grows lazy, the old fox. We ought to report him in Ajaccio.'

'The postman, he's coming!' the children shriek, and scatter to both sides of the road as a

*Collier's Weekly*

THE OPTIMIST: 'Grandma was a Gibson girl, Mum was a flapper, I'm a jitterbug—What d'you suppose Betty will be?'

powerful Citroën draws up by the terrace of the little café. No one can remember when he has walked all the way from the post office; sooner or later there is always a car that he can stop, and he is no slave of time.

A short, squat, rotund figure, with round red face, profusely moustached and bearded, the *fonctionnaire* steps out of the car. Dismissing the driver with a condescending nod, he crosses the road. 'What a journey! What a heat! What a thirst I have!'

Madame Dabastia, the proprietress, bustles to his side. 'Here is your beer.' She sets it before him and waits.

He sorts the mail on the table, newspapers and packages to the right, letters to the left. Madame Paisano puts out a stealthy hand towards the package addressed to her—but the postman is watchful. 'Madame, no irregularity, I beg of you!' he reproves; 'the letters and

parcels before me are still in the charge of the representative of the French Republic!'

He dozes again on the terrace, while the children stand and gaze, awed by the officialdom which radiates from the fat little *fonctionnaire*. An extra loud snore awakes him. A decrepit touring car crawls past. He lets that go, and a few minutes later raises his arm imperiously to stop a large saloon. He stands for a few seconds in a histrionic attitude of leave-taking.

K. A. HOLKER, *The Countryman*.

### War Aims

*FLESH*—WHAT sort of world must it be after the present war? That it must be one in which liberty, for nations as for individuals, is secure goes without saying. That it must be different from that bequeathed to us in 1918 everyone is agreed. It distresses us, as vegetarians, that men should regard us as no more than the mere advocates of a system of *diet* reform—with whose merits, incidentally, practically everybody at the present time is agreed. What we stand for is a system of *life* reform, the sign manual of which is none other than *a refusal to exploit*. That the flesh-eater is supporting—and supporting quite unnecessarily—a most hideous system of exploitation is beyond doubt. Let the butchers themselves testify (the words were said in our own hearing by their chief spokesman some time ago): 'No implement which takes the life of an animal in full blood and vigour can be termed humane.'

*Vegetarian News*.

*—AND FISH* AQUARISTS should try not to become depressed because of the sudden intensification of the air war. Always bear in mind that the fiercer a flame burns the quicker it burns itself out. And because of this fact, the war will end sooner than most of us expect.

But while waiting for the peace, it is the duty of every keen aquarist to keep the hobby 'alive and kicking'.

Whenever you get the opportunity, show schoolboys your fish and tell them how easy they are to keep. We musn't forget that we can do with all the young aquarists we can get.

If you are in A.R.P., tell your colleagues about your hobby. Ask the interested ones to have a look at your pets.

*The Aquarist & Pond-Keeper*.

### Making a Good Match

SOMEBODY, a woman, has written suggesting that, for the duration, manufacturers of matches should make them to strike at both ends; and women are always practical. It is they who put back spent match-sticks in the box, for no reason that any man has ever been able to discover—though it may be that, as the home-makers, they have an impulse towards improvising fire-lighters—and it is they who have the horrid habit of making a pencil sharp at both ends.

The only objection that we see to the two-ended match is that it will mean grubby finger and thumb ends every time you use the second half, and that won't please the ladies, for it will send up the weekly soap bill.

*Tobacco*.

### Sweet Innocence

THE sirens are given a trial every Saturday, which is an excellent idea to ensure that they will function properly when the need arises and also to test their effectiveness.

Many complaints have been made that they are not heard except by those in the close vicinity, and I can personally vouch for it that I have not heard any of the Saturday afternoon sirens. Others, however, have heard them and are complaining about it, not unreasonably, I think.

The point is that the sirens are sounded at 1.30 p.m., which coincides with the time when the Empire news relay starts. This is a matter of easy adjustment, and it would please everybody if they were sounded at 1.15 instead of at 1.30.

*Times of Ceylon*.

### Brainwave

LET Sir Kingsley Wood think over these suggestions for his next Budget:

(1) All people with over £10,000 a year should pay a capital tax of five per cent. Yield: about £600,000,000.

(2) Nationalise the arms industry and so do away with private profit. Saving: £1,000,000,000.

(3) Stop interest on the National Debt. Saving: £250,000,000.

Total: £1,850,000,000.

Letter to *News-Review*.

*Weltwoche, Zürich*

BATTLE OF BRITAIN: SWISS VIEW

**Air-conscious India**

*EAST INDIAN AIR SQUAD* THIS squadron, comprising sixteen Spitfire fighter aircraft fully equipped at a cost of £176,000, was presented to the Royal Air Force in England by the East India Fund for British War Services from Calcutta.

The East India Fund is a non-official appeal to persons of all races and creeds in Eastern India launched by entirely voluntary enterprise from Calcutta at the end of January, 1940.

A member of both the general and executive committees of the fund, on arriving in England, made inquiries as to the various ways in which the money might be allocated. As the result of the information obtained, the committee in Calcutta decided first upon one flight of Spitfire aircraft.

The success of the East India Fund in obtaining the necessary money and presenting Spitfire aircraft, particularly at this time, immediately resulted in so much enthusiasm in India as to enable the balance of the first flight to be collected and paid for immediately. As a further result the Royal Calcutta Turf Club made an immediate contribution of £88,000 to the East India Fund to enable the second flight to be presented, thus completing the total East India Fund squadron.

In order to make personal contact with the pilots, the fund has since presented each pilot with an engraved tankard bearing the name of the squadron and the name of the pilot, and the fund in Calcutta is also adopting other means of keeping in close personal contact.

East India's squadron of first-line fighter aircraft has been for some time actively engaged from an operational base in England, and has had great successes against enemy fighters and bombers.

On the day when the pilots of the first flight were presented with their tankards they had just returned from an engagement with the enemy near the coast. Whilst the tankard ceremony was in progress they were again called out on similar duties.

*Great Britain and The East.*

*GLIDING—FOR DEFENCE* IT is perfectly reasonable to assume that India requires to-day at least 2,000 pilots to fly power aircraft in defence of the country.

This number of pilots is not available and presumably must be trained. I claim that the logical and economical procedure is to start with an all-India scheme for Glider Training sufficiently large to train not less than 10,000 glider pilots.

From these would naturally be drawn the best ten or twenty per cent to take their place

*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

BATTLE OF BRITAIN: AMERICAN VIEW

at the advanced 'Power Flying Training Schools'. The introduction of glider training as the first stepping-stone to power flight eliminates what is to-day one of the most costly features, wastage in personnel under training through unsuitability, only discovered after thousands of rupees have been spent on their flying training.

Air Forces to-day require air gunners and observers, and these are required in approximately double the number of pilots employed, so we can easily find use for another 4,000 of our glider pilots, who would be drafted into the Air Force to act as air gunners and observers.

We still have on our hands about 4,000 glider pilots. These men, although they may not be up to the high standards required, have at least attained air sense and knowledge. They can be utilised as anti-aircraft gunners and ground observers, to maintain a permanent watch on our coasts to warn the country of and protect it from approaching attack.

I claim that the introduction of gliding into India is the very foundation of building up our flying defences.

Letter to *The Statesman*, Calcutta.

### Gliding—for Offence

GERMAN sources [in Sweden] predicted that there would be six days of ceaseless air bombings of Britain by as many as 3,000 German bombers daily. These planes would include hitherto unused models equipped with 'surprising death-dealing instruments', the German sources declared.

Many bombers will tow gliders packed with bombs during the raids, they said. The gliders will be released miles from their targets. They will be equipped with a timing apparatus which will cause the wings to collapse, after which the bomb-laden body of the glider will fall spilling explosives at random.

German sources said hundreds of these gliders have been assembled at the Vernes airport, outside Trondheim.

*North China Herald.*

### Wisecracks from America

No more has been heard of Quisling, of Norway, since they embalmed him in the dictionary.—*Detroit News.*

Egypt's leading newspaper is named *Al Misri*. Sounds a little over-pessimistic.—*Des Moines Register.*

There are daughters who are such comforts to their mothers, and others who are beautiful. —*Washington Post.*

We'd be sitting pretty if we had our army as thoroughly mechanised as our politics.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

John Gunther has written *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia*, and he is currently writing a book to be called *Inside America*. Meanwhile, if Frances Gunther, his wife, isn't engaged in writing his biography under the title, *Inside Gunther*, she's missing her big chance.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

### Odd Ads

What friend will ever forget you for saving his life? A present that will last a lifetime. A waistcoat that is guaranteed bullet-proof is the kind of present to give a friend. It's genuine; it's permanent; and it's appreciated. The E.-W. brand of bullet-proof vest.—*North China Daily News.*

Red-hot love nest, 2 rooms, bath, all conveniences. A Jim Dandy buy for $1250. Eze terms. South on Second-ave, to Spring, left two blocks to Cross, left one block to 2702 Cross, red light on front porch.—*Dallas (Texas) News.*

LADY can bring peace to Europe. Needs financing. Box 19387.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Cash Prizes, value £50, to be won in our new Motherhood Competition.—*Parents.*

SIDHA KAVACH: Reward Rs. 100—Most powerful and brilliant. Even the most difficult object is achieved simply by keeping this 'Yogendra Kavach'. There is no necessity of undergoing any hardship to make it effective. It is effective without any preparation. By this whom you want will be under your command. It will overcome evil stars, subdue enemies, and it will give success in examination, trade, litigation, lottery, race, service, sons, immense wealth, freedom from debts and dangerous diseases. It will make you fortunate. Reward Rs.100 for one who proves it false. Price for copper Rs.1-8. For silver Rs.2. For pure Gold Rs.6. Sree Sidh Kavach Ashram, No. 16 P.O., Katrisarai (Gaya). *Madras Mail.*

**The Fate of Homo Sapiens . . .**

It is generally agreed that Neanderthal man, who lived in Europe 30,000 years ago, was not Man as we understand it. He was one of Nature's experimental models. Nature was content to throw him on the scrap-heap and try again.

It is one of the fatal defects of savage warfare that the conqueror never completely exterminates the weaker and inferior tribe. He merges with it. Always the conquering tribe killed its male enemies and captured the women, who, of course, became concubines.

So it was when Homo Sapiens was killing out Neanderthal man in Europe.

It is a profoundly significant and disquieting thought, which had scarcely been admitted even by anthropologists until the beginning of the present century, that there is in Europe to-day not only a basic Homo Sapiens, but also an appreciable leavening of Neanderthal man who was certainly not Sapiens and probably not Homo.

This is not a religious war. No war was ever less a crusade. It cuts across all religions.

It is not a trade war, fought to decide who shall dominate the markets of the world for a time.

Nor is it in the accepted sense a racial war on so paltry a scale as Teuton *versus* Frank, or Saxon or Celt. But in a far deeper and truer sense it is a tribal war.

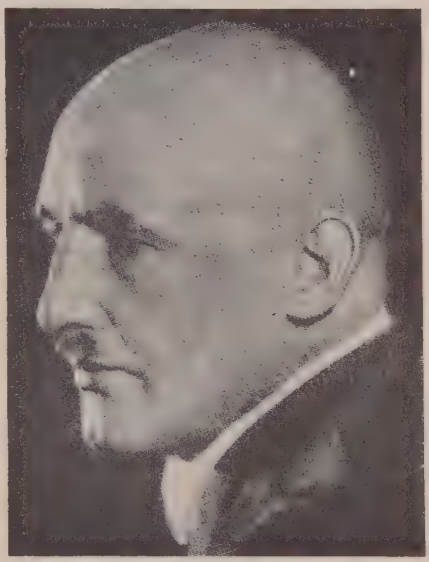
Why is civilisation apparently retracing the rough path it has, through 10,000 years, plodded over so patiently towards the light?

To the biologist there is one answer, and only one. Accustomed to seek for origins much further back than the historian, he goes to the root of the matter.

For ten years Germany and Russia have been pulling down the blinds, not only in their own lands but wherever their influence has reached, and the biologist cannot fail to see in this startling twilight a sudden recrudescence of Neanderthal man. The cold ferocity, the snarling rage, the sterile sadism, the grunting sensuality we see all around in Central Europe to-day are, in the literal meaning of the words, brutal and inhuman.

Blind and deaf to all chivalry which has flowered down the ages, Teuton and Slav, whose ideals were always animal, have proclaimed themselves with one voice the Palæolithic People.

F. KINGDON WARD, *Daily Telegraph.*



NEANDERTHAL MAN AND HERR JULIUS STREICHER
Resemblance purely coincidental . . . . ?

Map: *Times*

**Destroy Germany's Textiles!**

WHEREAS, until now, most of the targets singled out by the Royal Air Force in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway have been aerodromes, harbours, oil storage depots, it may become necessary, in future, to launch attacks against all manner of industrial plants.

The bombing of Germany's textile industry would certainly be useful. The West German mills are vulnerable, since they are set mainly in the towns of Aachen, München-Gladbach, Rheydt, Düren and Krefeld, but the southern mills in the Stuttgart region are very scattered, lying in the various beautiful valleys of the district.

The German textile industry has one advantage, from a national point of view, in that it is built up of many factories of medium size, rather than in a few enormous plants. The greatest weakness in Germany is the wool-combing industry which supplies the combed tops for worsted spinning—five very large mills (Hanover, Bremen, Delmenhorst, Leipzig and Mylau in the Vogtland) supply perhaps 80 per cent or more of the total population. However, the Germans now have all the large combing plants in the North of France and one or two in Belgium at their disposal.

Perhaps the best textile targets would be the great factories making the synthetic fibres, of which there are perhaps eight or ten, mainly in Southern Germany. Apart from the large size of these plants, their contents would be very inflammable.

Now, clothing is almost as essential to the well-being of an army, and to the efficiency of the civilian workers, as food. And in this respect compared with Britain, Germany is at a disadvantage for her climate borders on the Continental, and is therefore colder than ours in winter. Moreover, German troops now have to be maintained in Norway where the cold is more intense than in their own homelands. These men need warm clothing. So do those in Poland. I have known the ice a metre thick on the Vistula at Warsaw, and I have arrived there in mid-winter with the snow falling during a partial thaw which cut through one more sharply than a hard, dry frost. I pity those who have to live in such climates with insufficient wool and fur. Add to such conditions a scarcity of food, and discontent will simmer as the hardships of living bring misery.

But it is upon the German troops that one would desire the full penalty of insufficient clothing to fall. Unfortunately, the civilian population must also suffer, in the occupied countries even before the Reich, for requisitioning will undoubtedly be carried to extremes in the endeavour to maintain the efficiency of the German Army to the last. But, throughout, the army must wear uniform. There is the direct line of attack to take against their comfort. Bomb those factories which are engaged upon the manufacture of army clothing for the German army. Examine thoroughly all sources of wool supply that Germany possesses. Detail, too, all synthetic processes employed by the German textile trade, and plot their factory location. Find out how far the French and Belgian factories are now working for their temporary overlords, and if need be place them into the general scheme.

*Flight.*

**'Ascetic' Adolf**

WHEN that fine old German gentleman, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, moved a resolution in the Reichstag in 1931 that President Hindenburg's salary should be reduced to 12,000 marks, he little knew that his 'God-sent leader' Adolf Hitler would ever be in a position to dismiss with contempt that petty sum himself. Hitler became President. As such he gets an income of 300,000 marks, which he certainly hasn't refused yet. So these emoluments extend far beyond his alleged 'ascetic life'.

Granted, he's a vegetarian, he doesn't smoke, he despises alcohol, he doesn't go in for women. However, that hasn't prevented him, either

before or since the War, from inviting soubrettes and dancers from the famous Berlin Winter Garden regularly to give private performances for him. Again, he summoned celebrated artistes by 'plane to Munich at considerable expense to enjoy their work in his own little circle. At Berchtesgaden he built himself that notorious palace which François-Poncet, former French Ambassador to Berlin, has described so well. Both at Munich and in Berlin he dwells in the spectacular luxury beloved of all parvenus. His house in Wilhelmstrasse is the last word in elegance. There he has his cinema and salons where he can entertain a thousand people; each door is a work of art; the house is full of the best pictures and tapestries. The special train, always at Hitler's disposal, is an armoured travelling hotel with a commodious bar for his guests, and all the gadgets that suit the ultra-modern gentleman. Marvellous aeroplanes, gleaming cars await his command. His yacht is at Kiel. In short, he lives as grandly as the richest Maharajah, and all behind the slogan: 'Moderation is true refinement'.

And how does Hitler pay for this high living, which is not made any cheaper by an enormous staff of servants, chefs and bodyguards? His book *Mein Kampf* ('the finest book in German', according to Goebbels) which was supposed to excel the Bible and to have its place in every German home, brings in millions.

Hitler's second source of revenue is the Eher-Verlag Publishing Company in Munich, which actually belongs to him. It publishes books by Party-members, it owns the copyright of the biggest German daily papers. No one can calculate how big the earnings of this monopoly are in the Third Reich. Hitler entrusted the direction of it to his old Sergeant-Major Amann. Other privileged Party-members share it with him, Dr. Goebbels among them. So that wealth should flow still more easily, other important publishing houses were forced to close down or amalgamate with the Eher-Verlag.

In his speech of January 31, 1933, Hitler said he needed four years to repair the 'consequences of his predecessors' corruption' in Germany. But Hitler's notorious financial programme serves exclusively to enrich corruption, which under his tender husbandry has put forth the prettiest blossoms of the Third Reich. From this money Hitler personally made substantial payments, free of tax and duty, to those who submitted most willingly to him. Thus, in 1938, Von Brauchitsch received the handsome gift of

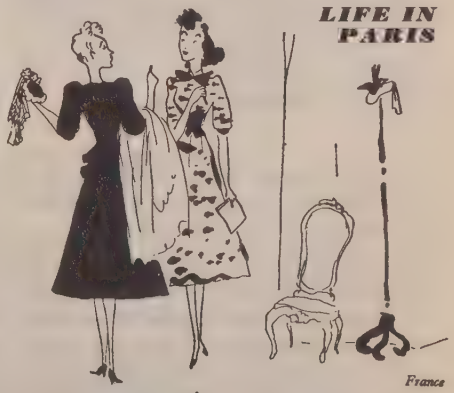
**LIFE IN NEW YORK**

*Collier's Weekly*

'Probably won't be any more French perfumes for a while. Brings the war uncomfortably close, doesn't it?'

160,000 marks, so we hear from Party circles, to make him more pliant to Hitler's will. It wasn't difficult: Von Brauchitsch wanted a divorce from his wife, so that he could—just like Blomberg before him—marry his blonde bit of stuff. His first wife yielded to Hitler's 'persuasion' (a pension for life of 6,000 marks). Other ministers got 50,000 marks each, Party members were fed with money, and as for the rest of the swag only Hitler knows how it was squandered.

**LIFE IN PARIS**



*France*

'Madame would like three metres of lamé?'
'Yes—for Marshal Goering's new uniform.'

For food and drink tremendous sums are spent in this 'frugal vegetarian's' household. We have inside information on this, for towards the end of 1938 we were privileged to examine his monthly accounts at two delicatessen shops in Potsdamerstrasse; they totalled some 50,000 marks each. In contrast to the modest expenditure of the King of England and other Heads of State, Hitler exhibits a pomp which, in these times of increasing poverty in Germany, is a damnable scandal. And Dr. Goebbels holds up this Adolf Hitler to us as a 'model of German simplicity'!

Condensed from *Das Wahre Deutschland*, magazine of the illegal *German Freedom Party*.

RUTH ETTING

**Socially Significant**

THIS story properly starts way back in 1920 when the toughest proposition in old Chicago next to ace-gangster Dion O'Banion was the Gimp, his bodyguard.

Now it seems the Gimp first saw the light under the name of Moses Snyder. But he didn't care such-a-much for the Moses and changed it to Martin, later retitled himself The Colonel for no reason that I know about.

Don't tell me you've never heard of Mrs. Moses Snyder. Or maybe you only know her smash-hit, *Ten Cents a Dance?*

Yeah, the baby always answered to the name of Ruth Etting, and right now you'll be remembering that she made some mighty swell records in those roaring 'twenties—with some mighty swell accompaniments from such as the late Eddie Lang.

Some time ago the B.B.C. put out a programme of records under the title of 'Songs with Social Significance'—and among the chosen numbers was Mrs. Ruth Etting Snyder's *Ten Cents a Dance*.

The name of that recent radio programme was apt; for Ruth Etting's own life was a piece of social significance in a phase of American history never likely to be repeated now that the citizenry has decided once and for all against handing over the political grafting machine to the scum of Europe's slums.

The Gimp, you see, was a dour and jealous man—and, although he had given Ruth her divorce in 1935, he still eyed other males with suspicion, and one October night in 1938 he felt so strongly about his ex-wife's thirty-year-old accompanist, Myrl Alderman, that he ups and shoots the pianist in the abdomen. Which impels the reflection that those slug-slinging bootleg-drinking days have been rather pleasing to jazz musicians. It is a period that has gone, and maybe that's why jazz as we used to know it has gone too.

*Band Wagon.*

**Little Man—Good-bye?**

'MILLIONAIRES don't count politically nowadays,' Rudolf Hess, No. 3 Nazi, once told an American newspaperman; 'they have so much to lose that they will obey orders. And if they don't, there are so few, a strong government can always break them. But the middle classes are different. They are the real problem of a totalitarian state.' The Nazi slogan for the war, 'Down with the plutocracies,' is not only a smoke screen for the Nazi aim of military and political domination at home; it is also the camouflage for the social revolution against the middle classes all over Europe.

English liberal economists, anything but friendly to 'economic royalists', figured recently that the complete confiscation of all incomes above $8,000 would not bring enough to pay for ten days of war. The class which must bear the main economic burden of the war is the middle class. The English middle classes will soon spend some 50 per cent of their

incomes—pessimists say two-thirds—on the financing of the war.

The most striking illustration of the speed with which the middle-class incomes are reduced is the plight of the so-called public schools. Even formerly well-to-do middle-class parents can no longer afford to pay the £80 to £120 which it costs annually to maintain a child even in a cheap boarding school.

Since it is Winston Churchill's main job to make good the deficiencies of the Chamberlain period, one of his first moves was to initiate a drive against the middle classes in the interest of military efficiency. The dictatorial powers voted the government in May have already been used to close numerous small businesses. Their equipment and labour forces are being transferred to big business or to government controlled authorities.

What is still only a future threat in Great Britain is, however, bitter reality in the small neutral countries in Western and Northern Europe. These countries can be said to have been Europe's middle class. Nowhere else could have been found the community spirit, the co-operation between city and country, producer and consumer, rich and poor, that was so marked among these middle-class neutrals.

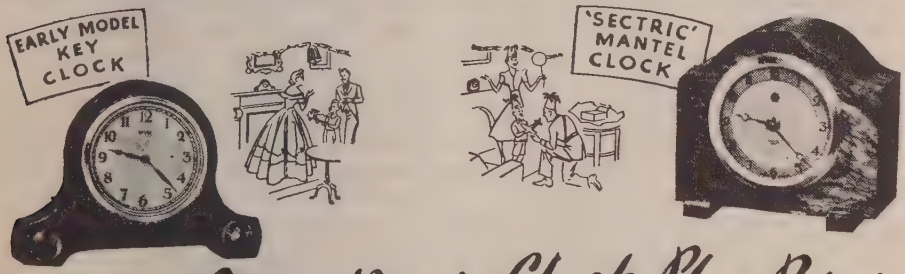
Education has been the weapon of the European middle classes in their long uphill struggle against feudalism. The ruthless attempt to destroy general education and to close the high schools and universities to the middle classes is the most revolutionary and destructive feature in the entire social policy of the Nazis and, though bloodless, it is as much warfare as an attack by tanks and dive bombers.

What motivates this savage onslaught against the middle classes? Only a few years ago the answer would have seemed simple, for at that time Left-wing propaganda had convinced many in Europe that the middle classes are 'economically inefficient' and a barrier to economic and social progress. Even the most convinced Marxist in Europe has by now learned his lesson.

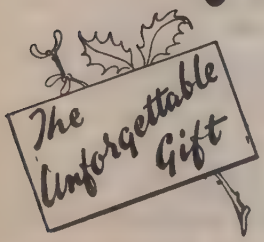
Even a Russian Communist in a high position once admitted to the writer that the Five-Year Plans would have been ten times as successful had Bolshevik ideology permitted the existence of a real middle class of professional men, engineers and small businessmen.

With the exception of the 'brown Bolsheviks'—the small group of confirmed Nazi revolutionaries who believe in 'permanent revolution' and 'permanent war'—the Nazi


**Be as Modern as the Times with Your Christmas Gifts**




*From Keys to Clock Plug Points*




*Efficiency on the home front is the first call to-day. Let us have clocks which 'plug in to Greenwich time' . . . that never leave us with the slightest doubt as to what is the right time . . . that we don't have to remember to wind and regulate. In short, 'Sectric' Clocks . . . ideal to give and receive . . . sold by Jewellers, Electricians and Stores, prices from 27/- inclusive of purchase tax.*

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*plug in to Greenwich time*

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leaders are also scared when they consider what will happen after the middle classes have been destroyed. They know that the stability not only of the democracies but of their own régime in Germany as well rests upon middle-class support. The technical, engineering and economic organisation of Germany under Nazi rule was only possible because there was a huge reservoir of middle-class knowledge, experience and savings on which the Nazi state could draw. Certainly Hitler himself is well aware of this. He was opposed to every single one of the anti-middle-class measures in Germany.

The real explanation of the attack upon the European middle classes lies in the nature of total war—the Nazi theory of warfare, which every European country has been forced to adopt in self-defence.

Europe has no future unless total war can be overcome. But will it be overcome soon enough for the European middle classes to survive?

PETER DRUCKER, *Saturday Evening Post.*

**Ireland's Population**

THE population of Ireland has declined steadily since 1847, and valuable lessons can be derived from a study of this unique demographic movement. All the errors of over-investment which might be expected to be found are evident. Schools and other public institutions have become too large and have in many cases been converted to other uses. The railways, long before the appearance of road competition, experienced chronic difficulties owing to the decreasing density of the population which they were built to serve.

Although the symptoms and problems of a falling population may be identical in Ireland and elsewhere, the cause of the decline in Ireland is different. In the other countries which are soon to experience a fall in numbers the cause will be the decline in the birth-rate. In Ireland, the birth-rate, though falling, is still high enough to maintain a natural increase of population. The rate of natural increase is small, but this is the result of the low marriage rate. The number of births per marriage is sufficiently large to maintain a normal number of children in the population. The result of having a normal number of children, together with an abnormally large number of old people, is that the proportion of non-earners is abnormally high. From the point of view of population growth, the important matter is that the net reproduction ratio is still positive, and it is estimated that the natural increase will continue for at least fifty years. The reason why the Irish population has fallen and continues to fall is, of course, the immense emigration.

*The Economist.*

**Good Hunting, Cads!**

WHEN fighting your German, forget all about the 'old school tie' and get down to thinking of all the low, sneaking, caddish tricks you can think of to deceive, outwit and get him. If you are exceptionally good at it, it is just possible you may think of something as low as the usual methods he is using every day. When acting as a guerrilla it is probably best to work out of uniform.

Home Guards should try to get into small groups under a leader, and get permission to go off in small bodies and hunt. Remember that a good soldier is a live one, not a dead one. Strike the balance between caution and extreme risk. Initiate, attack, hate. Use brains and commonsense—not the drill-book.

*Defence.*

**In Toulon Now**

STILL more naval units became visible: The 26,500-ton battleship *Strasbourg* and the aircraft carrier *Commandant Teste.* Both had made their escape from Oran unscathed, together with the big destroyers *Volta, Kersaint, Terrible* and *Lynx,* and a number of torpedo-boats and submarines.

Without exception, the vessels leave a favourable impression. The light-grey paint looks as good as new. The tricolour flies astern. While the torpedo-boats and destroyers are lying tightly together, the big cruisers anchor some distance apart in the harbour basin.

A high, floating wooden screen, reinforced by a steel skeleton, surrounds the *Strasbourg* in a wide sweep protecting the battleship against British aerial torpedoes. . . .

The English! . . . Hatred, unfathomable hatred, inspires the French naval officers whenever England is mentioned. . . .

French naval circles openly declare that they would like to go to war once more with their undamaged fleet. But this time against their former ally, against England!

FRIEDRICH ECK, *Das Reich,* Berlin.

# The Salvage of Human Life
## IS ALSO YOUR CONCERN

This illustration is an artist's impression of Victoria, the Latin Goddess of Victory, taken from the statue on the Victoria Memorial opposite Buckingham Palace.

Out of the dump of broken scrap come the weapons of warfare. Every ton of waste metal saved means another step towards ultimate victory. There can be no enthusiasm too high, no sacrifice too great, if this end is achieved.

But this is not the only work of salvage that claims your attention. It is a national duty also to save the broken lives of those countless thousands of sufferers from Cancer, and restore them to health and usefulness.

Will you help The Royal Cancer Hospital in this great work for civilisation? After all your wartime duties have been performed, your increased obligations met, your new sacrifices made—this other humane service remains. Cheerfully and with good heart, you can send some contribution to help us meet the rising cost of treatment. The ability of our willing workers to continue the fight against this dread disease, which claims over 70,000 victims every year, is limited only by the extent of public generosity. Can you ignore such a worthy appeal?

*Please send a gift, however small, to the Secretary*

# The Royal Cancer Hospital
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## FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

### Paddy O'Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE was oddly silent about his personal identity. Why? It happened that there were persons in the England of his time who were forced to hide their true identities. They were the Irish. It may be remembered as the time of the 'Virgin Queen', who decimated the neighbouring island, who held the Irish in a special abhorrence as 'traitors and rebels', and who had her executioner ever at hand to demonstrate her hate.

All the elf-like, airy beings in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* are Irish; Shakespeare's beautiful kingdom of faery is entirely Irish. And where did he get his famous character, Puck, but from the original Irish story of *The Puca*, whose memory to this day is observed in the strange pagan celebration held every year in Kerry of Éire?

And where the plot for his play, *Cymbeline*, but from the very old Irish fairy-story of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which spread over Germany, France and all Europe?

The Irish hold that he drank in the lore with his mother's milk. There is an Irish tradition that she came from Youghal of Éire and that there it was that Shakespeare as a young man first met Edmund Spenser, who in June, 1594, married a Youghal belle, one Elizabeth Boyle.

The late Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the Irish actress, once formed a Shakespearean company to play the British provinces and went broke within a month; she brought the company to Éire and made a hit everywhere. The Irish do not need much scenery with Shakespeare. No audience of any land so appreciates him.

In the province of Munster in Éire one may learn more about *Hamlet* than from a course in any college. The *shanachies* or story-tellers there tell their own story of *Hamlet*, and of how Shakespeare got the material for his play from the Irish tradition. He makes Hamlet in talking with Horatio swear by the Irish Apostle—'Yes, by St. Patrick!'—an invocation that falls only from an Irishman's lips and which no Dane or other Continental would utter.

As for Shakespeare's knowledge of the Irish tradition that Hamlet's was a tailoring family, we may judge it by reading the play. Shakespeare has Hamlet speak as one experienced when he talks of his 'inky cloak' ,'suits of solemn black', 'forms' and 'modes', all tailoring expressions.

Shakespeare had one son, who died at the age of twelve. His name was Hamnet.

Too, there is Shakespeare's belief (like Hamlet's) in ghosts and his delightful mixing-up of the natural and supernatural worlds. He seems to have the Irish conviction of the nearness of another world. There is his exuberance, his sense of reverie and passion, of ecstasy and despair. Above all, there is his mystical worship of nature, which, apart from the Irish writers of English literature, we find but little among English authors. Shakespeare brings to mind Matthew Arnold's query asking how much of the Celt must one imagine in the ideal man of genius.

Thus the Irish now claim Shakespeare along with Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, Ervine, Shaw, the outstanding 'English' dramatists who were Irishmen all. Come in, Will Shakespeare! There's a welcome before you. And was it an Englishman they were trying to make of you and yourself with a brogue like that, God bless it? Will you have a drop of the whiskey in your tea?

T. F. HEALY, condensed from
*American Mercury*.

### Preserving the Rice

THE filming of the Toho picture *Harmonica Kozo* was banned by the Hyogo Prefectural Peace Preservation Section on the ground that it may have a bad influence on the rice conservation movement.

There is a scene in this picture where the young mouth-organist appears on the screen with rice grains spattered all over his face and on the floor, and the prefectural officials decided that this would affect the conservation movement. Whether this particular scene will be eliminated or the entire film be banned is not yet decided, however. *Japan Weekly Chronicle.*

### Open-Door Policy

OF all the plumbing fixtures in a bathroom, the lavatory is the most beautiful and offers the widest latitude for expressing the owner's individual taste and ideas of design. No other plumbing fixture is made in such a wide variety of styles and sizes, more than two hundred types being available now.

In the well-planned bathroom, the lavatory is the most conspicuous fixture. It is deliberately placed by the architect where it will attract the eye when the bathroom door is open.

*Christian Science Monitor.*

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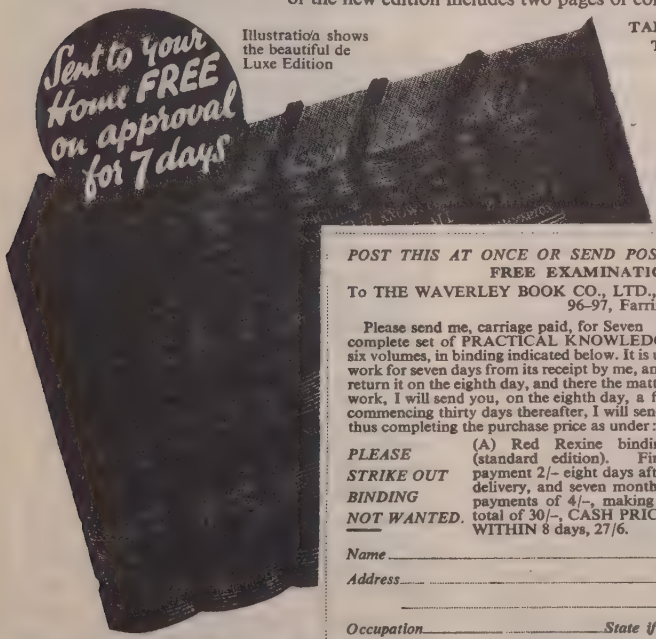


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### Canny

THE amazing variety of uses found for old tin cans is one of the first things which strikes the visitor to the East Indies. Arriving at the quay one notices that the coolie at the hydrant is not filling zinc-coated pails, but two square petrol tins cut open at the top and suspended from a bamboo yoke across his shoulders.

Outside many of the houses, and along the garden paths, plants flourishing in green-painted petrol cans are to be seen. The explanation is that in the Indies the European returning home on leave usually finds it convenient to sell all his furniture by auction, and while plants in the ground have no market value they find a ready sale when growing in cans. Even the watering-can in the garden is an old petrol tin fitted with a spout and a handle.

Within the house petrol cans are used as containers for flour, sugar and other foods, to keep them dry and free from ants, and on cocoa plantations, where these insects are troublesome, native women are set to catch the ants and are paid 10 cents for each full petrol can. Water for washing and drinking is boiled in petrol cans, and thousands of native households use teapots constructed from square confectionery tins. Use is also found for empty sardine tins, to hold food and drink for cats and birds.

In the native villages even the fire precautions are based on cans. The local authorities require that for every ten houses there must be one petrol can filled with sand and one with water, and when fire has broken out a number of cans —not buckets—are used to pass on water from hand to hand. Painted petrol cans marked with orange crosses are always in evidence at the railway stations; they contain water for diluting the disinfectants used for railway compartments.

About ten thousand natives migrate each year from Java to South Sumatra with no possessions other than their clothes. Each of these receives from the Government a shovel, some nails, an empty bottle and an empty petrol tin, the latter being used for storing rice or drawing water.

There is quite a widespread trade in empty petrol tins, which sell at from 8 to 10 cents each. The rice plantations in the East Indies are protected from the birds by mechanical scarecrows of old cans placed at intervals over the field, connected by strings and operated simultaneously by a watchman. The rattling of old cans is also a means of scaring away elephants.

Even leaky cans are not thrown away, but are cut open, flattened and used as roofing material.

The old petrol can has long been recognised as a standard of measurement in the East Indies. A *kaleng* of rice, for example, is a quantity equal to the contents of a petrol can, just as a *pikolan* of water is the contents of two petrol cans.

*Tin Printer and Canning Industry.*

### Insect Aviation

INSECTS have attained a perfection of flight which makes birds look clumsy and an aeroplane an unwieldy mass of wood and metal. They can hover in a breeze, they are expert gliders, they can attain maximum velocity from a standing start in a fraction of a second, they will perform the most intricate stunt flying in a tiny space and never have a spill in a thousand years.

And, unless it is an optical illusion caused by aerial manœuvres too fast for the human eye to follow, the most expert flying insects can go into reverse gear and fly directly backwards without altering the position of their bodies.

An insect's wings are beautifully adapted for flight. They are extremely light—the four wings of a drone bee weigh only half a milligram. But although light they have considerable rigidity. The front half of the wing is of greater rigidity than the rear half.

Most butterflies and many moths have the fore-wings interlocked with the hind ones so that they move as one pair. Minute hooks or bristles, called 'hamuli', form the locking device which converts the insect from a biplane into a monoplane.

During some experiments on insects in flight it was found that when flies were deprived of their second pair of wings they showed a complete loss of control in the air and frequently fell on their backs.

An insect does not merely flap its wings up and down. An entomologist attached bits of gold leaf to the wing tips of a wasp and then threw a beam of strong light upon them. He found the wings were describing a figure 8.

An insect's wings are, therefore, of greater efficiency than an aeroplane propeller and possess the flying mechanism of a helicopter, except that in the insect the wings neatly

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W.R., *Dec.* 1940.

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## WHAT! NO Father Xmas?

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The terror of the air 'Blitz', with its aftermath of homeless destitution, has added to the struggle against poverty, depression and despair. Yet, war or no war, little children look for something extra at Christmas. The lonely, aged folk and the poorest of the poor hope for their Christmas parcels. The Salvation Army will gladly be 'Father Christmas' to them on your behalf.

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combine the function of two sets of propellers working at right angles to each other.

The 'motors' which drive an insect's wings are, in some species, very powerful. A laboratory worker in America found, by a delicate piece of dissection, that the wing muscles of a robber-fly comprise thirty per cent of the total weight of the insect.

Miss A. D. Betts, who has made a special study of the flying powers of the bee, has pointed out that its 'aero engines' (the flight muscles) consume a large amount of fuel in the form of honey. Recent work has shown that a flying bee uses from thirty to forty milligrams of glucose per hour, that is to say, in about two hours' flying a bee uses her own weight of honey as food.

In the Harvard Biological Laboratories, insects in flight were studied by a special photographic technique which involved the use of exposures as fast as 25,000th of a second.

It was found that the small fruit fly, *Drosophila*, can give between 200,000 and 300,000 beats before stopping to have a rest! As, however, the normal wing beat of this fly varies between 9,000 and 13,000 beats per minute, it would not take it long to clock 300,000 flaps.

Having examined photographs made from ultra-high-speed films of dragonflies in flight, which show the wonderful interaction of the four wings (a movement, incidentally, which it is quite impossible to see with normal eyesight) I can see no reason why the dragonfly should not be able to fly backward.

Besides its great stunting powers, a dragonfly is also extremely fast—probably the speediest insect in the world. Dr. R. J. Tillyard, the Australian entomologist, once timed a dragonfly of the genera *Austrophlebia*. Its speed was not far short of 60 m.p.h.

FRANK LANE, *Animal & Zoo Magazine.*

### Monogamy on the Moors

If you hear of anyone grouse-shooting this year, don't think it's all fun and selfishness. Every pound's worth of cartridges produces four pounds' worth of food. . . .

The pheasant has as many wives as he can —rather like some film stars. But the grouse, like any good husband, not only fights for his wife, but he goes for anyone who interferes in his matrimonial affairs.

J. WENTWORTH DAY, *in a broadcast.*

### War Against Cancer

Cancer has now become the second on the list of fatal diseases in this country, and in 1937 accounted for no fewer than 74,000 deaths. Of these some 10,000 were under the age of 50. Of the total number of deaths from all causes during the working period of life, that is from 15 to 65, 17 per cent are caused by Cancer. During the past 40 years the annual death rate from Cancer has nearly doubled, having risen from 835 per million to over 1,600 per million. At a rough estimate it is calculated that the number of persons constantly suffering from Cancer in this country cannot be less than 100,000, of whom some 40,000 are suffering from Cancer which is susceptible to effective treatment, and even to complete cure if treatment is applied in the early stages of the disease.

Maintaining a free Cancer Hospital is terribly costly. Taking the average for five years, the annual expenditure for maintenance alone, excluding research and capital expenditure, works out to approximately £75,500.

Towards this amount such a hospital can only count on some 30 per cent from fixed income, namely, annual subscriptions and dividends, and is dependent on the generosity of the public for the remaining 70 per cent.

The disease itself is so lowering to the vitality of the patient that the standard of food provided has to be higher than the normal, and in many cases special diets have to be given. The cost of treatment is abnormally high, treatment by radiation being very, very costly. The initial outlay for a single apparatus or for a gramme of radium runs into thousands. An X-ray tube with a life of only 600 hours costs some £200.

*Victory*, issued by the *Royal Cancer Hospital.*

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# *Shaver wocky*

*(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)*

'Twas shaving, and the bristly gents
Did writhe and wrestle in the morn
All anguished were their teguments
And their follicles out-torn.

"Beware the Scrapershave my son,
The blades that bite, the hairs that catch
Beware the Bristlechin and shun
The stubbling Razorsnatch."

He took his sharp bright blade in hand
And water hot—an ample stream
To tame his beard he commandeered
Parke-Davis Shaving Cream.

And as with deftish stroke he swept
The whiskers from his physiog
The Scrapershave the ghost upgave
And died as dead as dog.

One two! One two! and through and through
The silky blade went snicker-snack!
He felt his chin and with a grin
He went clean-shaven back.

"Oh, thou hast slain the Scrapershave,
The credit's thine, P.D.S.C.!
Oh beardless day, Callooh, Callay!"
He chortled in his glee.

'Twas shaving—the once bristly gents
Have chins as smooth as any dream
For they have learned real shaving sense
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CVS. 317

*MODERN POETRY* I READ with interest, but with a certain amount of dismay, Mr. Gibson's article on poetry. It is not the lack of poetic urge to create which is responsible for the present bareness. It is that the modern poets have wrapped themselves round with a sort of intellectual voodooism which makes them incomprehensible to all but multi-lingual internationalists who have sufficient leisure to dabble in the psychology and absorb some of its verbiage. Indeed, I often feel that it is with reluctance that some of those turgid individuals who find refuge in arty little magazines can bring themselves to be so conventional as to write across the page and not up and down. Though for the surrealist school it is no doubt only the cost of printing that prevents them doing this.

The other night a well-known poetess broadcast a poem. I happened to be standing outside a tent while it was being read. Said a soldier as it stopped, 'Ay, lass, but why call it poetry? I could do better myself. Nuthin' rhymed with nuthin' '. Lamentable, no doubt, but who is poetry for? It is up to Bloomsbury to find a metaphor which Lambeth can understand. Go to it, you bearded men and sandalled ladies, if you have not already fainted at the thought.

INFANTRY OFFICER.

*ECONOMICS OR RELIGION?* MR. PRIESTLEY deals with some points which concern us as we hammer out our conception of the New Order. It is refreshing to find articles by such eminent thinkers as Mr. Priestley and Miss Sayers in the same issue, and promises well for the future of this journal. . . . Almost every consideration of the last twenty years has been based upon the assumption that Man lives for purely economic ends. For many years Christian sociological thinkers have been deploring this fact as belittling Man in his true nature and have been stressing the fact that Man's origin and destiny make him worthy of better consideration. . . . In this country, we have not yet arrived at that stage where we have laid that foundation stone. There is little or no conception of the real reason for a fundamental change in the social order. . . . The world has not yet known a Christian civilisation and cannot, therefore, fight to preserve it. . . .

To say that Lord Halifax is a high-principled man is not to say that he is the heaven-sent Foreign Secretary, but it is disquieting to hear his every reference to Christian principles and to God dispelled with a sneer as 'Halifax's sermons'. We cannot talk about our Christian civilisation and still dismiss any reference to God as bad taste or 'pietism'. Nor can we talk of a Christian social order which takes no account of God's purpose for Man. . . . We must learn to demonstrate that Man does not live for Industry but Industry for Man.

THE REV. J. CLIFFORD GILL,
*Morecambe, Lancs.*

*GIBRALTAR* REGARDING *Gibraltar—the Spaniards don't want it:* since 1936 the Spanish Nationalists have had Gibraltar in their programme, and General Franco himself has publicly claimed it. He is, after all, Head of the State. I think myself that, while most Spaniards would not quarrel with us about Gibraltar, I have never yet met one who did not feel a little sore about it. I suppose English people would feel a little sore if, as a result of conquest and by virtue of a treaty, Hitler held, say, Dover.

CHARLES DUFF, Editor, *Voice of Spain.*

*'AWKWARD TO READ'* YOU have my strong interest and best wishes for your success. Towards the latter I offer one tiny suggestion—though I think it may possibly not be an altogether negligible factor, when one knows what small things affect reader psychology. The stitching of *World Review* by side-wiring is really a great drawback, making it most awkward to read completely.

W. W. BLAIR-FISH, *Fordham, Colchester.*

[*We have already considered thread-stitching as an alternative, but this would add considerably to the cost of production in these times of economy. After all, we are enduring worse inconveniences, are we not?*—ED.]

## WAS KARL MARX A DULL DOG?

"*Das Kapital* has been proved by its results to have contained more political dynamite than any book since the Bible. Love and hate, allegiance and fury, passions and contempt, broken heads, battered barricades, police tyranny and private assassination, this and much besides, in a hundred cities in a score of lands, gives a resounding answer to such childish disdain . . . . not all Marx's influence was derived from *Das Kapital*. He wrote pamphlets . . . . iron weapons sharp and just from the anvil, . . .(which) . . . must take their place among the great masterpieces of invective. He wrote simple expositions which the worker in the factory could quickly understand",

*wrote*

MICHAEL FOOT: WORLD REVIEW

*and he added* . . . "At least do him the favour of judging him on his own works"

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*SUGGESTIONS* I SHOULD like to see in *World Review* the increasingly popular biographical notes that many periodicals print about their contributors. It is so useful to be reminded exactly where a writer stands, especially when he is giving an opinion or his version of facts. . . . I don't know whether it is your intention to publish Mass Observation articles from time to time. I find them interesting, but they so often come too late to be of any immediate interest when they concern matters of public opinion or morale.

GUNNER E. A. ALLEN, *Salisbury Plain.*

*STRONG WORDS* CONGRATULATIONS on *World Review* . . . amid my wide ocean of praise there rises one black rock of criticism. You write that you 'hold no brief for the banks'. But any important publicist who is *silent* about High Finance is inadvertently helping them. . . . As long as the word 'money' represents in your mind a synthetic, non-analysed mush, then you are playing the banker's dirty game. . . . You will say it is 'the medium of exchange', that it is 'what no one will refuse in return for what he has for sale'. Quite so. But that is its *function.* What is its NATURE?

ROLAND BERRILL, *Conway.*

*IF PEACE BREAKS OUT* NOW that the Blitzkrieg shows signs of faltering and failing, it is wise to envisage that peace may break out as suddenly as war; and it must not find us unprepared. The natural instinct of our people is probably conservative, and there is a considerable dead weight to pull against, enormously powerful vested interests and a great deal of privilege. Having been a Conservative M.P. for some years, I can now appreciate, in retrospect, the failure of the Baldwin administrations to use great opportunities. I have come to the conclusion that the Party System is outmoded, not only for war, but also for peace, in which it is now clear that there must be a pooling of the best character and brains, inspired by a dynamic and evolutionary energy. This time we cannot afford to lose the peace, and I welcome your *Review* because it will help to focus thought and opinion in the right direction.

J. GRIFFYTH FAIRFAX, *London, S.W.*3.

*TOLERANCE* VISIONS of the New World which is to come into its own at the dawn of peace are differently interpreted by different people. The one envisaged in your editorial is a return to Elizabethan social standards in which men of thought are also men of action, but in which all men (other than the few 'pansyfied intellectuals' who remain) will be cast from a common mould—a race of tough ex-army officers and men, steeped in regimentation and hardened to drink so that they no longer show the effects of one more bottle. The result of their revels, I see, will be to throw the 'pansyfied intellectuals' into the Serpentine. . . .

The very spirit that we are fighting to preserve in this war—the spirit of tolerance and of the freedom of the individual—is at once, in your conception, squashed. There is room in this country for the 'hearty' and the 'æsthete', and the war (and service in the army) is exactly the thing that will teach each of them to appreciate the other's point of view. . . . This letter, written by one of those who are looking forward to a university career after the war, is written in accordance with the spirit expressed in *World Review*—that its object is to provide discussion and criticism of questions of the day.

*World Review* provides this exactly, in the form of articles on interesting and vital subjects by men who should know, and not the least attractive part of it is its get-up, the design of the cover and the paper and type used.

CLIVE ROSE, *Canterbury.*

*ABOLISH THE PARTY SYSTEM* IN *World Review* you state it 'will not be a party paper', and then launch an attack on Chamberlain. This is surely both unwise and inconsistent. . . . It is certainly time that the British political party system was abolished and the best men formed an Empire Party whose policy would be the welfare of the British Empire and an alliance between us and the United States, which would form a basis upon which a real league of those nations who prefer peace and prosperity to death and destruction could be founded.

WILLIAM BRANTOM, *Linslade, Bucks.*

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